

# I AM LEGEND

by

Akiva Goldman

Based on the novel by

Richard Matheson

And Screenplays By Mark Protstavovich

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FADE IN ON:

The reflecting blue ribbon of the Hudson and the still, shining spires of Newark beyond. Postcard perfect.

The image EXPLODES in flying shards of glass and SOUND. REVERSE TO REVEAL...

1 EXT. MUSTANG DEALER - 11TH AVENUE - NYC - DAY 1

A red 2008 Mustang blows through what was the showroom window, shattering the peaceful reflection.

Hits the sidewalk on the bounce, turns SCREECHING over the shards of glass spilling rainbows and out into the street.

The MAN belted behind the wheel is handsome, something slightly maniacal in that frozen grin, those focused eyes.

Meet ROBERT NEVILLE.

His passenger, also belted, eyes fixed on the driver with what might be dismay is SAM. Neville's German Shepard.

2 INT. MUSTANG - 11TH AVENUE - DAY - DRIVING 2

THE SPEEDOMETER-CLOSE. As the needle sweeps past 120. Not Kilometers, friend. Miles.

TILT UP THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD as city peals away. Sections of the pavement ahead are broken wide and spew patches of tall grass.

Storefronts, shattered by long forgotten signs of looting, fly past at this giddy speed. But no traffic.

The only cars visible are piled on the curb like a child's discarded toys; 11TH Avenue has been bulldozed clear.

Neville corners 34th street with such tremendous speed that both he and Sam are thrown taught against their seat-belts.

Recognize that look in Neville's eyes now. You've seen it in snapshots of bridge jumpers, sky divers. And suicides.

3 EXT. 34TH STREET- DRIVING - DAY 3

The grass here is thicker and Neville has to slalom to keep his car on the stretches of unbroken pavement.

Sam's head comes out of the window and BARKS.

An immense flock of sparrows, half a block thick, EXPLODES from the brush, banking towards the sun.

A few of the larger buildings are draped in giant plastic bags which bear bright yellow biohazard warnings.

4 INT. MUSTANG - 34TH STREET - DAY - DRIVING 4

Neville is coming up fast on Fifth Avenue. Across the empty intersection, 34th is packed with abandoned cars, a traffic jam frozen in time.

Neville isn't slowing. He's picking up speed. The dead end of forgotten traffic ahead is filling his windshield. Sam BARKS.

5 EXT. 34TH AND FIFTH - HIGH ANGLE - CONTINUOUS 5

Single unstoppable object hurling towards immovable wall. At these speeds a car body behaves like water on impact.

6 INT. MUSTANG - 34TH AND 5TH - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS 6

Sam BARKS again. The world ahead is all growing metal.

At the last possible instant, Neville cuts hard, cornering onto the abandoned expanse of Fifth Avenue.

Neville looks at his dog. Human smile of challenge, didn't think I could do it, did you.

Sam might as well just SIGH, nose going back out the window.

Neville almost smiles.

7 EXT. 5TH AND 23RD - FLATIRON BUILDING - HIGH ANGLE 7

Since construction, this Deco wedge has never been without sidewalks full of ogling tourists. Those days are gone.

Now the small refuge of Madison Park is graveyard to some military staging effort. Behind torn fences stand abandoned tanks and Army trucks overgrown with flowers and weeds.

The building itself reflects skyward in a still pond of standing water at her base as (OVER) the Mustang APPROACHES.

8 INT. MUSTANG - FLATIRON BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 8

Neville is heading straight towards that giant pond.

Sam begins to BARK, A different TENOR. Whatever this game, the dog likes it.

Neville GUNS the engine. Just as wheels touch water, Neville hits the breaks and turns.

The car fishtails, throwing a giant wave of water back onto the car, flooding open windows, drenching Neville and Sam.

Sam's excited, biting water out of the air. Neville spins the car, already making ready for another approach.

9 EXT. FLATIRON BUILDING - DAY 9

Neville's Mustang takes the edge of the pond and again spins into a wild donut, another giant wave engulfing the car

10 INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS 10

Man and dog are both soaked to the bone. Neville looks at Sam, GUNS the engine tentatively. One more time?

Sam's BARKED response is all enthusiasm.

Neville floors it, making a wide loop, heading towards the water when a dark shape shoots past the windshield.

Neville hits the brakes, skidding fast.

11 EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS 11

The car hydroplanes on ground water, spinning out of control.

12 INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS 12

The car bounces onto the curb and BANGS into a lamp post. Neville peers out of the window.

There, on the edge of Madison Park, is the shape that startled him. Grazing on daises is a single, tawny deer.

Sam's launching into a bark when Neville moves his hand in an automatic gesture. Impossibly, the dog silences MID-BARK.

Neville holds his hand out flat, keeping Sam still and quiet. Neville's waiting for something. Waiting...

(OVER) A low RUMBLING, like distant THUNDER, LOUDER now, not thunder after all but HOOVES...

A HERD OF DEER, maybe one hundred strong EXPLODE across Fifth Avenue, a rolling storm of flesh.

Neville and Sam just stare, mesmerized. The deer tear up water, dirt, even broken pavement as they go.

A beat.

Neville GUNS the engine and takes off after them.

13 EXT. PARK AVENUE - DAY 13

SWOOP OVER a racing herd of deer to find their pursuer, the bright Mustang SHOOTING up the abandoned avenue.

14 INT. MUSTANG - PARK AVE - DRIVING 14

The herd ahead is closing on Grand Central Station. They bank left down 39th, leaping a fallen fire engine that blocks the mouth of the street.

Neville has to shoot past, making his own left on 40th, now racing parallel to the herd.

15 EXT. 39TH AND 40TH STREETS - HIGH ANGLE 15

The herd fly up abandoned 39th street towards Midtown as Neville races parallel to them on 40th.

16 INT. MUSTANG - 40TH STREET - DAY 16

Neville can see the deer through the passing intersections, running alongside his car a block away.

He accelerates, gambling he can overtake the herd, cuts left and drives straight at the deer as they hurl across Seventh.

The herd splits, the vast majority taking off down Seventh, while a smaller group tries 40th Street.

Neville swerves towards the smaller group which is already splitting into two. A few deer head up Broadway.

Neville, eyes narrowing, slows the car, shuts off the ENGINE, letting the car glide to a stop.

Neville looks at Sam. Then he reaches to the seat beside him. Neville lifts a rifle.

17 EXT. GRASSY MEADOW - DAY

17

SNEAKERS-CLOSE. Moving through thick grass. (OVER) The air is LOUD with CRICKETS. TILT UP to FIND NEVILLE crossing a high, swaying field, rifle in hand, stalking, Sam low at his side.

TILT HIGHER TO REVEAL...

18 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - HIGH WIDE

18

Once never still, never empty, never dark. Now the cracked pavement of Times Square has been reclaimed by a meadow.

Neville and Sam move silently towards the two deer that graze near the TKTS kiosk peaking out from the tall weeds.

Marquees are dark. Over the once perpetual scroll of the New York Times, someone has spray painted five simple words:

No news. Left to print.

Unfamiliar campaigns for familiar products peal from the billboards. All the ads, J&B, GAP, VICTORIA'S SECRET, are Christmas themed, promising yuletide cheer that apparently never came.

Other billboards carry yellow posters with that biohazard warning again. Simple illustrations warn of symptoms;

Skin Rash. Tooth Erosion. Bloody Cough. High Fever. Blurred Vision. Persistent Nausea.

They even offer a hot-line number: 1 800 SAFE CITY. Although, by the looks of things, there's no one left to call.

19 EXT. TIMES SQUARE MEADOW - DAY - CLOSER

19

One deer is nosing around the base of Luther Duffy's statue. Listens to the air.

Neville and Sam pace the deer silently. A gesture from Neville and Sam freezes with him. Neville raises his rifle.

But the deer moves again, slips around the kiosk ramp and out of sight. Neville signals Sam. Together they creep around the blind side of the kiosk.

Back against the wall, gun in hand, Neville clears the kiosk. Deer grazes. He's got his shot.

Aims.

A ROARING as a beast leaps from atop the kiosk, flying over Neville's head, giant paws stomping down the deer. Sharp teeth move fast, ripping out the animals' throat.

The lioness stands atop her prey and ROARS her claim. Giant. Regal. Covered with scars. As lethal as she is beautiful.

Neville stands staring at her, his gun trained on her head.

Sam is low, GROWLING, but this is between the lioness and Neville and both know it.

The moment lasts. The two continue to stare at each other.

Then, Neville slowly lowers his weapon.

One last ROAR and the lioness grabs the deer in her mouth, spins and races off up Broadway where her mate waits.

Neville and Sam watch her go, hard to read the expression in his eyes. Might be sadness. Might be wonder.

(OVER) A sudden BEEPING. Neville looks down, checks one of the three watches on his wrist.

He looks up at the sky, at the sinking afternoon sun. His expression darkens. Neville turns and begins to run.

20

EXT. MUSTANG DEALERSHIP - DAY

20

Neville and Sam are abandoning the sports car, running into a black SUV that sits parked in the middle of the street.

GUNNING the engine, Neville glances at the sun. If we weren't sure what Neville's expression was before, we are now. Fear.

PULL BACK AND UP

The sun is falling behind New Jersey, starting to stain the river a bloody red. Neville's car drives down 12TH Avenue.

HIGHER

No people. No traffic.

HIGHER STILL

Amidst the skyscrapers, more buildings bagged in plastic.

HIGH AND WIDE

New York City has been abandoned.

TITLE CARD - I AM LEGEND

21 EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK NORTH - SUNSET 21

DRIFT ACROSS the overgrown park, arch now covered with twisting green ivy that has almost climbed to the top.

That SUV pulls to the curb, slips in between two other parked cars. A seamless fit, as if abandoned there with the rest.

Neville and Sam emerge, Neville BEEPING his car alarm and heading up the stoop of a lovely residential brownstone.

Neville glances over his shoulder at the dying light. Then he works the locks. Another look and they disappear inside.

22 INT. NEVILLE'S PANTRY - SUNSET 22

Stacked with impossible amounts of canned goods, bottled water, enough food here to feed that proverbial army.

Neville is checking the gas gauge on a HUMMING generator. Satisfied, he selects two cans from a loaded shelf.

Sam sits blocking the open door to the kitchen. Sam's look is as articulate as any human voice could be. Tuna again?

NEVILLE  
(pushing past him)  
You **like** tuna.

23 INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 23

Setting sunlight spills in through windows, painting blood and shadow on the floor.

Neville sets a bowl of tuna at Sam's feet and brings his to the kitchen table where he begins to eat.



Neville looks at Sam who is staring at him over his bowl. Not touching his food. The two sit there in silence. Finally...

NEVILLE

(rising)

Jesus.

He stands, Sam watching him as he disappears back into the pantry and re-emerges, pulling open a can of sardines.

He finger-scoops half the can into Sam's bowl and carries the rest back to him. Sam is already digging in hungrily.

NEVILLE

You know who you're just like?

Sam continues eating. But Neville has begun staring out the window. (OVER) His third watch alarm BEEPS.

But Neville does nothing to shut it off. In fact he's stopped moving his fork too. Just continues looking out the window.

A thousand yard stare. This guy has miles on it. No one has ever been more alone.

The watch alarm continues to BEEP. The light outside is turning a deep brown. Neville just stares, unmoving.

Dying light becomes shadow. Longer. Longer still.

Sam has looked up from his unfinished food, focused, now, on Neville. Clearly agitated, BARKS once, sharp. Then again.

Still, Neville does not move.

Sam's BARKING becomes SAVAGE, FRANTIC. Finally Neville notices. He shakes off his daze, standing.

NEVILLE

Right.

He crosses to the windows and closes two metal shutters that have been anchored into the walls. He turns on a floor lamp.

Neville grabs his rifle from the table and EXITS, Sam worrying at his heels.

24 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - SERIES OF SHOTS - EVENING 24

Shutters close in various rooms. Glimpses of a bedroom, a library, a gym ---this last one barely registers --- a little girl's bedroom, before Neville locks out the darkness.

25 INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING 25

An oak coffee table, apparently long unused. A deep sofa and rocking chair face a wide screen TV set into the wall above a bricked up fireplace.

Neville closes the last of the shutters here, gun still in hand. He checks a board of nails and wires set into the wall. Then he crosses to the couch, Sam jumping up beside him.

NEVILLE

Off, Sam.

The dog doesn't listen. Sam stares up at the TV. Neville is already looking for the remote.

Not on the side table. He looks accusingly at Sam, looks under the couch. Then he finds it stuck between the pillows.

Eight pieces of masking tape stick to the TV screen. Evenly spaced, STOOP; SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE; PARK ACROSS THE STREET, BACK ALLEY, ROOF, EAST CORNER, WEST CORNER. Screen lights into life, segmented images corresponding to labels.

The images are all fading color and growing shadow, the last visible light in the city slips away with the dying sun.

26 EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - HIGH WIDE 26

The last sunlight dies. Aside from the spilling cast of the just rising moon, not a single light in New York burns.

27 INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 27

Neville sits hunched forward on the couch, peering hard at the screens, eyes searching for movement.

The eight images go black, simply not enough light for the cameras to register. Then, one by one, the images flicker and reappear, now bathed in the eerie green of night vision.

There is something hypervigilant about the way Neville sits, intent, different from the grim caution of the day.

His fingers are tight on the barrel of his rifle. Sam's alert, ears flat back.

A man waiting for something. A soldier waiting for a siege.

Neville's eyes go from screen to screen, methodical. All anemic shapes and shadow in the enhanced moonlight. Screen to screen. Nothing.

(OVER) A CLICK. The room is suddenly bathed in a flashing red alarm light. Neville is up, standing, gun in hand.

A fast blur shoots across the screen marked East Corner. Neville tries to track it, his eyes filled with terror.

Now it's at the back of the house, a bounding ghost, ON SCREEN for a moment, then gone.

Now its in front of the house, a savage, hurtling shadow, racing out into the middle of the street.

The creature stops. Stares at the house. Only a Coyote. A beat. The animal darts off into the night.

Neville sits down on the floor in front of the couch, slowing his breathing, adrenaline washing away into pins and needles.

NEVILLE

Shit.

He LAUGHS.

NEVILLE

Shit, shit, shit.

Sam BARKS at him. Neville eyes the dog. Sam BARKS again. Neville reaches forward but Sam shuffles back. Barks again.

NEVILLE

That so? Is that the way it is?

Another even LOUDER bark. Sam's almost on hind legs. Neville smiles, spins, feet going up on the couch, starts doing a kind of crazy dancing set of push ups.

Sam goes mad, BARKING, rolling around, ecstatic. Neville keeps it going and Sam is in paroxysms of doggie delight.

Finally Neville stops, laying exhausted on the floor. Sam is on top of him, licking his face, ecstatic. Endless. Neville closes his eyes, smiles into his dogs slobbering affection.

NEVILLE  
(finally)  
Okay, now. All right.

He climbs standing, and rubbing Sam's head, he walks to a door that leads downstairs. Sam comes padding after him.

NEVILLE  
You know better.

Sam stops.

Neville looks back at his dog, who now sits, tail wagging. Neville opens the door. There is the KISS of an air seal.

Sam watches him go, door SEALING closed behind him, left to wait patiently, alone.

28 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRS 28

Neville descends a dark stairwell. The bottom of the steps spill into an alcove. He pulls on a hanging overhead bulb.

29 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS 29

The small hallway has been transformed into a clean space. Hanging plastic curtains shield the walls.

Neville takes a lab smock out of an ionic dryer, slips it on. He moves to a sink, takes a Benzine sponge from a stack of fifty, scrubs up.

Now plastic gloves and surgical mask from similar stores. Neville's crosses a BioSafe sticky pad to another door that he pushes, HISSING, open. Neville steps into...

30 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 30

Lights flicker on to illuminate DNA sequencers, a chemical hood, pipette station, networked computers. A metal surgeon's table shines in the center of the room.

Marker boards everywhere feature scrawled DNA sequences. A TV on the wall shows familiar, labeled exterior views.

Neville takes a stool in front of a med station. He rolls up his sleeve, expertly ties off and draws a test tube of his own blood. By the look of his arm, not the first time.

From this vantage point we can see another feature of this home-made lab. Two alcoves at the rear of the basement look like tiny ER rooms, replete with beds and monitors

One odd thing, though. They are sealed off by thick mottled Plexiglas walls that can be raised and lowered by chains.

Satisfied with his blood sample, Neville crosses to a DNA sequencer. He checks the machine. Checks his watch. Then presses a button and the machine produces a newly processed culture, a tiny biohazard warning etched into its tube.

SERIES of MACROS. Neville's blood and the culture are combined and turned into a single serum.

Neville hits a key on one of his computers, lifts a small blue-tooth headset from a cradle, fits it over his ear.

NEVILLE

May 5, 2012.

Neville checks the serum synthesizer screen, marks on the serum tube with a grease pencil.

NEVILLE

Vaccine number 391. Trying to shallow the cratering a little without diminishing toxicity.

Neville has crossed to a waist high box draped in a blackout cover. SOUNDS are coming from inside. SCRATCHING sounds.

(OVER) Movement inside the box, sudden, SCRAMBLING, as if whatever is inside can sense the proximity of Neville's hand.

He lifts away the tarp.

The thing that leaps at him, SMASHING so hard into the plexi roof it leaves a mottled satin of fluid was a rat. Once.

Now it's leaner, all ripping sinew, fur gone, the eyes above its gnawing teeth and over-large mouth jet black.

Neville fills a syringe with new vaccine, places the hypo in a safe drawer in the hot box. Then he reaches into the box's thick, rubber gloves, hands deft as he grabs the hypo.

NEVILLE

Subject is a rat.

He doesn't have to reach for the rat, its already on his gloved hand, gnawing, tearing away at the rubber, savage.

NEVILLE

Symptom presentation and tissue sample confirm infection with KV virus.

He just manages to hold the rat down in one hand. The thing is strong. Really, really strong.

Neville punches through the rat's back with the syringe. That leather skin is as hard as it looks.

The creature SCREAMS with fury as Neville injects the serum.

He deposits the spent syringe in the safe drawer and pulls his hands from the gloves.

The rat leaps at the glass twice. Hard. Teeth gnashing air.

Neville is looking at his watch.

The creature makes another bound, then another, then it stumbles, legs growing weak. Wobbly.

NEVILLE

Initial serum reaction six seconds.  
Marginally outside parameters.

Whatever this means, Neville seems slightly encouraged. Not much, but you get the feeling he'll take what he can get.

Now the thing begins to twitch more. Then something strange happens. Its eyes start to clear. All aggression seems to run out of the creature.

NEVILLE

Secondary receptivity is at eleven seconds.

Now the rat does something new. It begins to behave as a rat. Though still hairless, the skin seems pinker, eyes normal, it sniffs around, bewildered.

NEVILLE

Viral shedding is phenotypically positive.

He stares at the rat. Looks at his watch. Something in his expression begins to change. Glimmer of hope becomes a spark.

NEVILLE

No signs of morbidity after fifteen seconds.

His eyes are wide.

NEVILLE

Twenty. Subject seems to be behaving normally.

Hard to keep the excitement out of his VOICE.

NEVILLE

Twenty two seconds and no signs of toxicity to the-

The rat twitches, spasms, and falls as hard as Neville's heart. Two more twitches and the rat is still.

NEVILLE

Morbidity in twenty three...  
(off his watch)  
...point nine seconds.

A dullness has come back into his eyes. A man who has seen too much failure. Too much loss.

NEVILLE

Vaccine 391 is toxic to the host.

Neville opens the top of the safe-box and moves the animal to the metal autopsy table.

NEVILLE

No cure.

Neville glances at the two plexi-sealed cubbies.

NEVILLE

Possible a subject with larger body mass would show better results.

Neville begins dissecting the rat, digging in for the night.

NEVILLE

Hypothalamus has reverted to normal size, excavating tissue for any remaining viral load...

31 EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

The front door flies open. Neville comes racing out, a GIRL of five (MARLEY) in his arms. Behind him a lovely WOMAN (GINNY) hurries in step.

GINNY

We can take **something**-

NEVILLE

Ginny!

GINNY

Don't shout at-

MARLEY

Daddy, Sam-

REVERSE TO REVEAL

Three MEN stand in front of a pair of waiting black SUVs. Despite dark suits, definitely military. Night traffic moves behind them. Streetlights burn. The city still lives.

DRIVER

Sir, we need to hurry.

SARAH

SAM!

NEVILLE

(over his shoulder)

Sam!

Neville has hurried his wife and daughter into the rear SUV. He is climbing in beside the Driver. Looks at the open door.

DRIVER

Sir, we are at t minus thirty minutes.

NEVILLE

Cutting it close.

The soldier's simple expression is clear: orders.

SARAH

Daddy!

Neville shakes his head, starts back out to the house when a tiny German Shepard puppy bounds out of the doggie door, down the stoop and leaps into the back seat of...



32

INT. SUV - WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH - MOVING

32

The car pulls out, Driver following the other two men in the escort vehicle closely, heading East.

Ginny is holding her daughter who in turn is getting kisses from the bouncing puppy as they weave through traffic.

MARLEY

Sam's been in a car before, right mom?

JANICE

You've been in a car with Sam before, baby.

MARLEY

We like the front more.

NEVILLE

Hush now, Mar.

NEVILLE

(to the Driver)

Mind?

But Neville's already reaching for the radio.

RADIO

...this time of crisis. And so My Fellow Americans now is a time for courage in the face of battle...

NEVILLE

And make no mistake, we are on a battlefield, we are waging a war, a war for our very survival...

RADIO

And make no mistake, we are on a battlefield, we are waging a war, a war for our very survival...

Neville shakes his head.

NEVILLE

CDC boiler plate. That speech is two Presidents old.

RADIO

So it is with great sadness but greater resolve that tonight I have signed an executive order quarantining New York City...

A fire engine in front of them is HIT hard by a speeding van, the engine fishtailing. Neville's driver just whips around the engine as it SMASHES parked cars up onto the curb.

33 INT. NEVILLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

33

Neville's eyes spring open. A beat. His alarm BEEPS. Neville rises, shaking off the dream. A variety of scars mark his arms and shoulders, they look suspiciously like bite marks.

He opens the metal shutters, spilling bright, late summer sun. In a silent city, the birds are a deafening SYMPHONY.

Neville crosses, rubs Sam's head at the bottom of the bed, then heads out, Sam jumping down, padding after him.

34 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - HIGH ANGLE

34

From the uppermost floor, look down to see Neville and Sam descending to the third floor.

35 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - MORNING

35

Papered walls. Display cases of silver and china. Folks sat around this room and laughed. Back when people were alive.

Now free weights, chin-up bars and two treadmills, just large enough for one man to carry, fill space under the chandelier.

Neville activates both treadmills. He climbs on one, begins running, hard. Sam jumps on the other behind him and begins doing the same.

36 INT. NEVILLE'S BATHROOM - MORNING - LATER

36

Neville, dripping with work-out sweat, crouches over a gas pump which snakes into the exposed pipes of the shower.

Neville pulls the cord once, twice, three times and the pump CHUGS into life. Water spills out of the shower head.

Sam jumps into the shower eagerly. He looks at his dog, SIGHS with resignation. Then Neville strips down and follows.

CUT TO:

AAA MAP OF MANHATTAN - CLOSE. Marked with pencil circles, x's, tiny hash marks over thickets of buildings, traced lines of journeys taken, marked like the skin of a life. WIDER.

37 INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

37

Neville sits at the kitchen table, Sam at his feet, as he finishes marking his route for the day.

He folds the map and puts it neatly in his pocket. A beat. Then he checks again to make sure the map is there. Routine.

Now he opens a giant almanac that sits on the table, the page book-marked by a playing card. August-September 2012.

Times of sunset have been crossed out halfway down the page. Neville runs his finger down to the next unmarked day. Notes the time of sunset. He sets his three alarm watches.

He finds the date in the almanac with his pencil point and crosses it out. He looks up at Sam.

NEVILLE  
It's my birthday.

A beat.

NEVILLE  
You going to sing?

Sam simply stares back with patient eyes.

38 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

38

Neville stands at the front door. Multiple locks, wooden cross-boards chained into brackets.

Keys go into his pocket.

Quick, turning checks of each watch.

Two armoire doors reveal an array of guns from which he selects, then checks two pistols and his rifle.

A green tennis ball and a Tower DVD from the table.

Neville pulls the chain in a long RATTLE, cross-boards coming up out of their hinges and opens the door.

39 EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

39

Three years without smog. The city is so clear and sharp, so perfectly summer, it's almost painful. Neville breathes it in. Hard not to feel the beauty of it. And the irony that brings.

They say a sunset's no good without someone to share it with.  
Try a whole world.

Neville and Sam head down the stoop to the SUV. Sam SNIFFS around the car. BARKS once: all clear.

Neville BEEPS the SUV unlocked and they climb in.

Sam's window rolls down and snout emerges. The car starts to pull out. (OVER) Sam BARKS.

NEVILLE (OVER)

Okay, okay. Relax.

(OVER) THREE LITTLE BIRDS by Bob Marley starts ECHOING over the street as they drive off.

40 EXT. GASATERIA GAS STATION - DAY

40

Under a series of rakishly fallen plastic wreaths and holiday DKNY adds, Houston Street is a traffic jam frozen in time.

Neville's SUV is parked as close as possible to the pump islands. Working a manual plunge, he pumps gas from the main tank into a series of gas cans lined up on the pavement.

41 EXT. TOWER VIDEO - DAY

41

Window posters promise Fred Clause 2 and a Return of the Polar Express.

Neville holds open the front door to Blockbuster with his gun. Sam ENTERS. That BARK. Neville heads inside.

42 INT. TOWER VIDEO - DAY

42

In receding blindness, this room is busy with people. A young man leans behind the counter. A family browse the children's section. A gay couple check out horror. A few singles of both sexes mill about.

But as Neville drops his DVD in the returns bin, eyes adjusting, two things become clear. Everyone is in winter clothes. And no one is moving.

NEVILLE

Sorry.

The fellow frozen in mid-exit and nearly blocking his way is bundled in a winter parka. Neville slips past him.

The store is peopled with mannequins. Out of the corner of your eye they almost breath. Life, just beyond reach.

Neville continues up the aisle. He ruffles the coarse straw of the child's head, crossing to pass a young woman who stands looking in the erotica section.

Neville can't help but glance back at her. Slim, pouty mouth, cropped hair. Wearing black wool leggings, the sweet shape of her breasts visible through a sleeveless thermal tee.

He's trying to make a selection. But his gaze wonders again and again to this lithe creature browsing erotica.

Finally it looks like Neville is about to get up the nerve to approach her. Instead, he grabs a DVD and heads to checkout.

Neville drops the DVD on the counter. The kid manning the register is a slacker wearing a Santa hat.

NEVILLE

I never saw four. Was he too old?

But the kid, unresponsive, head buried in his newspaper, may as well have just shrugged.

NEVILLE

Sold.

One last glance at the girl, still life of invitation.

NEVILLE

Ah, well.

He grabs his DVD and starts to head out, Sam following. For a second, his back to us, everything seems almost moving. But as he turns over his shoulder all is, of course, still. He vanishes into the glowing light.

CUT TO:

43

ROWS OF CORN - CLOSE - DAY

43

Neville walks thick, summer stalks, picks an ear, inspects it, deposits it in a produce bag that hangs around his chest.

In front of the utility cottage in the b.g. Sam YAPS happily at a bee BUZZING circles just overhead.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

44

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

44

Beyond the corn, tomato plants, rows of squash, cucumber, peas all have been planted in Sheep's Meadow. Manhattan rises in the background of this one-man farm.

Neville, satisfied with his corn, heads for the mostly ripe strawberries. He glances at Sam, still locked in that blissed-out waltz with the bee.

The dog looks just like a puppy.

NEVILLE

Come here.

Nothing's more fun than that. The dog bounds towards him. Neville goes down on his haunches, rubbing the dog's ears, scratching jowls, ducking a lapping tongue to his face.

NEVILLE

You're a sweet dog aren't you?  
Aren't you?

Sam's tail is slicing air, licking Neville.

NEVILLE

Okay, enough now. Okay. Go play.

Neville gestures and Sam races again, after that pesky bee. Neville can't help but smile. At the end of the world, at least there is still love.

45

EXT. 12TH AND HUDSON - DAY

45

Neville stands, back-pack slung over one shoulder, reading his marked up map. Reviews how far up 12th Street his hash marks go. Notes an address with his finger-tip. Looks up.

REVERSE ANGLE

A giant pre-war apartment building with matching address. He checks pistols and rifle. Then, with a nod to Sam, he heads under the awning towards the shattered lobby window beyond.

46

INT. BING AND BING BUILDING GROUND FLOOR -DAY

46

Neville and Sam ENTER carefully. Sam moves ahead of him, SNIFFING. They stay in the spilling sunlight as they move across the lobby. The shadow of the abandoned desk gets a wide berth. They come to the first apartment door.

Neville KICKS open the door. Light spills out. Good sign. Still he stands still as Sam runs inside. Sniffs. BARKS.

Neville ENTERS, following his rifle.

47 INT. BING AND BING BUILDING - APARTMENT - DAY

47

The curtains are half drawn but Neville rips them down, fully lighting the room. He looks around, letting his guard slide.

Hard wood floors. Frequent smaller windows typical of pre-war construction, when heat, not light, was the commodity.

The remodelled interior is a combined living, dining, cooking space. Other doors presumably lead to beds and baths.

Neville goes straight for the kitchen area. He retrieves a fresh pack of rubber kitchen gloves from his back pack and pulls them on. Hard not to admire their garish shade.

NEVILLE

That is pink.

Sam is already backing away.

NEVILLE

Coward.

He has already removed a small fire-extinguisher from his back pack, the aerosol kind people used to keep by their sinks back before everybody dropped dead.

Sam is all the way out of the kitchen now.

Neville opens the pantry door. At first it looks like black water running over the food. Only as they start to spill out onto the counter do we see what they are. Water bugs.

New York roaches' stronger, fatter cousins have survived. And apparently multiplied.

Neville sprays the fire extinguisher, instantly freezing them solid. Gets the stragglers on the counter, then thoroughly, does the inside of the pantry cabinets, bugs falling hard onto the counter like tiny winter sculptures.

His freezing complete, Neville reaches in, past the open bags of grains that had been the bugs breeding ground and rescues all the canned goods.

Frozen bugs are shaken off, cans wiped, bounty revealed as they go into his back pack. Tuna. Chicken Soup.

NEVILLE

Good news. Pink salmon.

Neville looks to the other end of the kitchen where Sam is growling at a roach that got away. Facing it down.

NEVILLE

You could eat it, you know? You're 250 times its size. Butch up.

Sam just looks up at him.

NEVILLE

Fine.

He CRUNCHES the bug under his foot as he walks to the dining area. On a mahogany bar is a fantastic array of wines and spirits. Neville stares at the bottles. Leave a man alone in a city, not surprising this demon would have raised its head.

The stare down with the bottles continues. Finally Neville wins, turns away. He crosses into the living room area.

He pauses in front of a Christmas tree. Ornate decorations hang from synthetic branches; perfectly wrapped presents sit tucked in the folded cotton snow-blankets beneath.

Beyond, the door to the master bedroom is open, bed-unmade, sheets thrown off in a hurry. Only one more door, closed.

A red bow hangs on that door, a hand drawn card in the center. Amidst wreaths and holly are these simple words:

Do Not Open Until Christmas.

Neville stares at the door a beat. There's not going to be any food in there. No reason to open it. No reason to go in.

He turns the handle with a CLICK, steps back and, with the barrel of his gun, pushes the door, CREAKING, open.

Light spills out. Freshly painted rainbows cut across white walls. Two cribs, one pink. One blue. Each full of toys.

HOLD on Neville.

For a second, it's in his eyes, everything you'd have to keep back. No more toys. No more babies. No Christmas. Not ever.

But whatever keeps him going lowers that stone shade over his gaze again. He gently shuts the door.



NEVILLE'S VOICE (OVER)  
This message for the week beginning  
September 5th, 2012....

48 EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 48

Neville's SUV pulls up to the bottom of a long wooden pier that juts out into the sunny East River.

NEVILLE'S VOICE (OVER)  
It will repeat for seven days,  
twenty-four hours a day on this  
radio station until September 12th  
when I will record again.

49 EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - PIER - DAY 49

Neville, Sam following, walks the pier. He carries a bunch of fresh picked daises in his hand.

NEVILLE'S VOICE  
If that date has passed, and you  
are hearing this broadcast, it  
means that I am dead and you should  
disregard the following..'

Neville stops at the end of the pier.

NEVILLE'S VOICE  
My name is Robert Neville. I am a  
survivor living in New York City.

He sets the flowers down amidst older bouquets that have not yet been blown away by rain, or wind, or time.

OVER HIS SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS WIDE SHOT

The Brooklyn Bridge is broken in the center. Both halves of stone and metal spill into the river.

NEVILLE'S VOICE  
I will be at the South Street  
Seaport. Every day at midday, when  
the sun is highest in the sky.

Neville stands, puts his hand gently on Sam's scruff.

NEVILLE'S VOICE  
If you are out there... if anyone is  
out there..'

Stares out at motionless Brooklyn.

NEVILLE'S VOICE

I can provide food, I can provide  
shelter, I can provide security.

A man and his dog waiting.

NEVILLE'S VOICE

...If there's anybody out there...  
anybody. Please. You are not alone.

For no one.

50

EXT. FORTY SECOND STREET - OVERPASS - DAY

50

Neville stands on the sloping ramp, tall windows of Grand Central Station towering up behind him.

Neville stares into the city, expression focused, hand going up to his forehead, shading his eyes.

PULL BACK to see he is resting his other hand on a golf club. He leans down and places a golf ball on a makeshift tee.

Neville swings.

BALL arcs high and falls bouncing onto the street near a tiny day-glow pink flag sunk into broken pavement.

NEVILLE

You see that shot?

Sam looks up from afternoon snoozing enough to offer a meager look of affirmation.

NEVILLE

Don't humor-

Sam GROWLS. Neville follows the dog's locked gaze.

In the distance, amidst the abandoned maze of traffic that clutters 42nd street, runs a giant buck.

Neville grabs his gun. No way he's got a shot. The buck is too far away, too in and out of the stopped cars. Neville looks at Sam. If dogs could smile. Neville takes off, Sam at his heels.

51 EXT. 42ND STREET - DAY - RUNNING 51

Fair to say. There's never been a chase like this. WITH NEVILLE as he runs around cars, leaps holes in the pavement, uses street and sidewalk in almost primal pursuit.

The buck is on to him, now, bolting down 42nd himself, having to leap and navigate the stopped traffic.

52 EXT. 42ND STREET - DAY - HIGH ANGLE 52

This is why Neville trains so hard. He can chase a fleeing buck, weave through cars, run city blocks as fast as his dog.

53 EXT. 42ND STREET - DAY - NEVILLE'S POV 53

The buck is closer, racing towards the clearing of traffic-less First Avenue. Faster still, the buck leaps and races into...

54 EXT. UNITED NATIONS PLAZA - DAY 54

Colorful flags still WHIP in the wind. Every window is shattered, a hundred black eyes. The deer looks over his shoulder and jumps through the smashed windows of the lobby.

PULL BACK...

55 EXT. 42ND AND FIRST - CONTINUOUS 55

Neville comes to a stop as the deer vanishes inside. Sam bounds ahead into the empty street then circles back to join.

Neville is leaning on his knees, PANTING, catching his breath. Hard to not be thrilled by the chase, the endorphins.

Sam BARKS, looks up at Neville, BARKS again.

NEVILLE

Hang on...hang on.

Neville pulls a water bottle from his belt, takes a long drink, then spills water into Sam's lapping mouth.

NEVILLE

Okay.

They start across the street towards the UN.

56 EXT. UNITED NATIONS - DAY

56

Sam bounds ahead of Neville as they cross the plaza and come to the teeth of broken windows that guard of the first floor.

Sam BARKS at the open window. Neville looks up at the high sun. Then he steps over broken glass. Sam follows.

57 INT. UNITED NATIONS - DAY

57

Same curving hallways. Same bad sixties furniture. Apparently the UN was consistent from birth to death.

Neville and Sam stalk a sunlit corridor. The deer becomes visible ahead of them, disappears through two open doors.

Neville and Sam follow.

58 INT. UNITED NATIONS - GENERAL ASSEMBLY -DAY

58

A hundred empty desks. Arguably apt representation for a hundred empty nations.

The rear balcony windows have been shattered so the room is bathed in sunlight. The deer is heading down one of the aisles, towards the low platform of the main podium.

Neville and Sam start down after the buck. Deer sees them. Bounds down behind the stage. Neville and Sam start to chase-

(OVER) An INHUMAN WAIL.

Neville and Sam freeze as the WAIL ECHOES through the room. Now comes another, even more awful sound. The deer SCREAMS.

A SCREAM cut short by wet TEARING, and GNASHING.

NEVILLE

(hushed)

Out! Now!

Sam doesn't have to be told twice and both are sprinting fast back the way they came, out towards the light.

59 EXT. UNITED NATIONS PLAZA - MINUTES LATER

59

Neville pulls his SUV right up onto the plaza in front of the UN. He walks around and pops the back, Sam behind him.

The rear interior has been transformed into a thick metal box. Cleaned, the corners are still caked dark. Blood?

Neville begins taking off his clothes. Each item is folded neatly and placed in a small storage compartment adjacent to that metal cage.

Neville stands naked in UN Plaza. Diver before the dive.

Now, from another compartment Neville removes a fine kevlar under-suit. Over it goes a second layer of thick body armor.

He fastens steel-toed boots. Kevlar gloves. A kevlar cowl covers everything except eyes and mouth.

Neville grabs a half dozen long coils of wire with snare loops and hooks on both ends. Shoves them into his back pack.

SLAMS the back of the truck.

Neville goes around to the front, opens the passenger door. He looks at Sam. Sam stares back up at him, unmoving.

Neville makes a hand gesture. Sam goes low and WHINES.

NEVILLE

In!

Sam stares up at him.

NEVILLE

Now, Sam!

Sam jumps into the seat, BARKS twice in disapproval. Neville leaves the door open.

NEVILLE

I don't come back before dark, you go, hear me?

Sam just stares, sullen. Neville takes a last look at his dog then, backpack in one hand, rifle in the other, heads back into the UN.

60

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY - DAY

60

Neville ENTERS, looks up and locates several air conditioners overhead. He starts to climb.

A SERIES OF SHOTS. Snare loops are staked into the floor with pitons.

TV cameras are dislodged and wires wrapped around them so they act as counter weights. Curtains are closed, darkening the room.

Neville stands looking at the nearly invisible row of wires hanging in front of the now dark balcony curtains.

He turns and looks back down in the direction the deer vanished. A doorway that presumably leads back stage.

Neville takes a set of night vision goggles out of his backpack. No hiding it now. Neville's scared. He slips the goggles over his head.

61 NEVILLE'S POV - BACK STAGE DOOR - WALKING - MOMENTS LATER 61

Descend the steps. The world is all anemic green light and shadows. Pass through the stage door into...

NEVILLE'S POV - BACK STAGE - WALKING -CONTINUOUS

Down the corridor. Long, glowing green. Below, there is a wet dark stain on the floor. Another blood splatter on the right.

More dark wet heading forward, left by dragging. And there, the stump of an antler, bone dry, gnawed clean.

Neville heads deeper into darkness. Up ahead, the wet drag marks turn sharply left, into the dark of a doorway.

Neville approaches cautiously, hugging the opposite wall, moving so very slowly until he can see through the open door.

At first, imagine the room itself has a living, breathing, heart. Call it a hive. Creatures, human shaped, stand in a mass in the center of the room, all facing forward, maybe a crowding hundred, rows deep.

No hair, pale skin, bits of torn clothing. Human shaped, yes, but not exactly human. Arms seem too long, torsos a little too narrow. Muscles ripple and twitch visibly beneath skin.

They breathe in a constant PANT, chests in rapid, endless upheaval. And though clearly sleeping, they are restless. They shift and move in patterns, like leaves teased by wind.

Oh, and the floor upon which they stand, served up by countless animals, is a carpet of clean, white bones.

From his pack Neville takes what looks like a large glow stick of some sort. He twists a timer cap all the way around.

Then he stoops and gently rolls the light stick into the back of the room. He begins to back away from the door.

When he is out of sight of the doorway, he begins to run.

He's all out sprinting, has almost made it to the brighter green glow of the stage door when the stick ignites.

The flare is visible even running away from it, the walls glowing bright white. But the thing continues to strobe.

The creatures are already starting to SCREAM, hurling into the corridor. Neville's almost to the door, but fear turns him back over his shoulder.

Mistake.

Behind him is a strobing nightmare, the creatures moving impossibly fast away from the light, leaping, black eyes, huge gaping mouths SCREAMING, hurling towards him.

62

INT. GENERAL ASSEMBLY - CONTINUOUS

62

Neville leaps through the door and rolls as the things hurl out behind him in a raging, lethal swarm.

SCREAMING, Neville SHOTS one that is gnawing on his leg. Another has leapt onto his back, bloody mouth trying to chew through kevlar. He throws himself backwards into the steps, hard, dislodging it. Then he rolls over and SHOTS it too.

The things are spitting out of the door like spiders from a boil, leaping desks, scaling walls, fleeing the light.

(OVER) A SCREAM that suddenly rises behind him, coming now from overhead. Then another. What he's been waiting for.

Neville SHOTS another attacking creature, then spins and BLOWS AWAY the curtains he has drawn across the windows.

Glass and folds of fabric come down in a storm of bullets, sunlight spilling into the room from the upper balcony.

(OVER) The room is a cacophony of inhuman SCREAMS. Between the still flashing strobe below and the sunlight above, the creatures have nowhere to go. They skitter, leap into dark.

Neville rips off his night-vision goggles.

Two creatures hang from Neville's snares, dangling in the light which is now literally burning their skin.

Neville walks up to the two hanging creatures. Hard to make them out in the bright backlight. The larger, male, snaps and bites at Neville, twisting in mid air to taste of his flesh.

NEVILLE

Too big.

Neville SHOTS it.

The smaller, female, is now SNAPPING too. Neville takes a small canister from his belt, averts his face. (OVER) A HISSING. The creature stops fighting, goes still.

NEVILLE

Just right.

63 EXT. UNITED NATIONS PLAZA - DAY

63

Neville has the creature in a sack over his shoulder, carrying it towards the truck.

Sam comes bounding out of the SUV, BARKING with joy, nipping at Neville's feet.

Neville deposits the creature inside the steel cage with a THUD and bolts it shut.

64 INT. NEVILLE'S SUV - UNITED NATIONS PLAZA - DAY

64

Neville SLAMS the door, starts the ENGINE. Sam is licking his face. His trembling hands.

NEVILLE

Okay. I'm all right. I'm all right.

Sam won't stop. See, Neville's all Sam has in the world.

Neville starts to pull out. (OVER) A ROAR. Neville spins, looking back out the window.

A creature, large, male, steps out into the sunlight. By his bearing, his SCREAM of rage and broken pride, call him ALPHA.

The sun is searing his skin, spots where the protective layer of white ash is thinnest going dark, spewing coils of smoke.

But still the creature stands in the light and SCREAMS. And SCREAMS. And SCREAMS.

Neville pulls away, the monster finally vanishing back inside in the building. On Neville's face, not just fear, concern.



65 EXT. WASHINGTON PARK SOUTH - NIGHT

65

Neville's SUV is parked outside in its slip. The dark street glows under the plump, full moon.

NEVILLE (OVER)  
Vaccine trial, serum 391.

66 INT. NEVILLE'S BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

66

Neville stands at the operating table in smock, mask and headset, washing the creature down with a hand shower.

NEVILLE  
Subject is human.

Connected to monitors and IV bags, chest moving rapidly but clearly unconscious, the girl looks almost peaceful.

NEVILLE  
Likely 18-20 years old. Female.

NEVILLE  
(off an IV bag)  
Dilalodid push remains effective at  
six times human dose.

Caked mud washes away to show skin that is translucent, vein and muscle visibly alive beneath taught rice paper.

NEVILLE  
Epidermis is hyper tensile...

His VOICE trails off. Examining fingers have discovered a stretched blue chest tattoo. A butterfly.

NEVILLE  
Latency markings are intact.

A sadness he has to shake off.

NEVILLE  
Core temp is 106 degrees  
Fahrenheit.

Neville checks the BEEPING, scrolling monitors.

NEVILLE  
Heart rate 200 BPM. Respiration  
elevated.

Neville pulls back her eyelids one at a time, shading them with his hand.

NEVILLE

Pupils are fully dilated and non-reactive to light.

Now he SNAPS on a snaking sunlamp, shines on forearm. Skin instantly blisters.

NEVILLE

Extreme allergy to UV.

Neville SNAPS off the sun lamp, his conclusion routine.

NEVILLE

Symptoms and tissue sample confirm subject is florid with KV virus.

Neville lifts a full syringe off of his prep cart.

NEVILLE

Introducing the vaccine.

He slides the needle into pale forearm.

Nothing. Nothing.

The creature lurches forward and SCREAMS, jaws splitting too wide, revealing an always bloody mouth of broken teeth.

Ankles pull metal shackles taught on short chains. Mouth SCREAMS and SNAPS at Neville who has taken a step back.

The creature spasms, its body arching. It SCREAMS again, this time more pain than rage.

The creature falls back, hard, on the table.

NEVILLE

Secondary receptivity is at fifteen seconds.

And you can almost see it happen. The skin starts to soften. Muscle swelling retreats beneath the skin.

NEVILLE

(off the monitors)

Respiration is slowing. Pulse decreasing. 190 BPM.

Neville pulls up the eyelid. Moves his hand over the pupil.

NEVILLE

Pupil dilation.

He slides the sunlamp over a patch of skin. Only the slightest reddening.

NEVILLE

Viral shedding is phenotypically positive.

Neville is staring at his watch.

NEVILLE

10 seconds.

On the steel operating table what remains of some boy's high school fantasy, some mother's darling, some father's joy.

NEVILLE

15 seconds.

Peaceful, eyes closed.

NEVILLE

20 seconds.

The girl SCREAMS and arches her back in agony. Blood explodes out of all her pores. She spasms violently. Endlessly.

When the tremors subside, her skin appears translucent again. The monitors all RING, back up to elevated status.

NEVILLE

Vaccine failure. Subject rejected the serum.

Neville as drops his head, maybe sorrow, maybe prayer.

NEVILLE

No cure.

67 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - HIGH ANGLE

67

Neville and Sam climb the steps to the second floor.

NEVILLE (OVER)

Day 1001.

68

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

68

Neville sits at a wide wooden work table, his real time image captured on a monitor in front of him. Sam lays at his feet.

NEVILLE

Vaccine trials continue. I remain  
unable to transfer my immunity.  
Serum 371 kills the smaller hosts  
or is rejected by the larger ones.

Clocks adorn almost any flat surface. Another monitor shows  
familiar exterior views. All quiet.

NEVILLE

Like previous compounds, if the  
serum is strong enough to kill the  
virus, it also kills the host.

Walls are papered with maps of New York. Each is pocked with  
red circles that are then x'd out. Many, many x's.

NEVILLE

When the serum is weakened enough  
to allow the host to survive, the  
virus survives also.

Maps: Gas; Hardware; Pharmacies; Food; Water; Clothes;  
Cleared Streets; Dog Food; Guns; Auto Supplies; Animal Meds;  
Military Supplies; Closed Streets; Hives.

NEVILLE

KV remains...elegant. Without  
another immune blood sample. I'm-

Neville shakes his head.

NEVILLE

Just fishin' in the dark, son.

Maybe something his father said. A sad smile that remembers  
parents, birthdays, life.

NEVILLE

Test results are linked to this  
entry and tagged.

Neville clicks the cursor, drags and links files.

NEVILLE

Data back up on six redundant  
drives.

A few key strokes. Six hard drives around the room all WHIR into life.

NEVILLE

Note. I located another hive today.  
This one was small. Maybe, a  
hundred. One behavioral comment.  
The Alpha exposed itself to direct  
sunlight. Possible encephalitic  
deterioration may reduce pain  
caused by UV exposure.

Neville considers his next words as he SPEAKS them.

NEVILLE

It's possible that soon the light  
may no longer be safe.

He clicks off the eyesite camera. HOLD on his image still  
reflecting in the dark monitor. Neville turns...

69

INT. MILITARY ESCORT - NIGHT - MOVING

69

Neville turns away from his reflection in the windshield to  
look back over his shoulder at his family.

NEVILLE

Okay?

GINNY

How long?

NEVILLE

(to the driver)

You said an half an hour.

GINNY

No. I mean until it's spread to  
far.

Neville looks at her. Shakes his head. Streetlights whip  
past. (OVER) SHOUTS.

GINNY

Neville-

NEVILLE

Don't do this again.

GINNY

Please-

NEVILLE

We're still in the window, I know  
that much. We reverse it in a week,  
even two, this all goes away.

Janice looks out the window as the SUV jumps the curb and  
drives down the sidewalk to avoid locked traffic.

GINNY

Bad dream.

(OVER) A BEEP. Neville lifts his pager. The screen reads 911.

NEVILLE

It's the lab.

The car has to slow to funnel through a barricade, armed  
soldiers guarding access. About a block more of snarled  
traffic to the entrance to the FDR.

GINNY

You could work from outside-

NEVILLE

Ginny, it's ground zero. And its my  
site. I can't just leave-

A FACE SLAMS into the window behind Ginny's head, spider-  
webbing the glass. Marley SCREAMS.

His face is pressed up against the window. He hasn't turned  
yet. Not Fully. But his hair has fallen out in patches. Blood  
spills from his mouth, nose and eyes.

Marley is inconsolable, and as hard as Ginny tries to hold  
her, she's can't be comforted, hysterical.

MARLEY

People are turning into monsters.

NEVILLE

Baby, they're sick-

MARLEY

PEOPLE ARE TURNING INTO MONSTERS.

70

INT. NEVILLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

70

Neville's eyes spring open. Once again, only seconds later,  
his alarm begins to BUZZ. Neville swings himself up and goes  
for the shutters, letting in the morning sun.

71 INT. NEVILLE'S WORKOUT ROOM - MORNING - LATER 71

Sam is sitting in the hallway watching as Neville performs endless chin-ups on a bar set into the doorway.

72 INT. NEVILLE'S BATHROOM - MORNING - LATER 72

The pump HUMS and water spills into the already full bathtub, Neville is sitting submerged in one end, soaping up a drenched but happy Sam who sits across from him in the tub.

73 INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - MORNING - LATER 73

Neville eats a bowl of breakfast tuna as he consults the almanac, sets his watches, map spread out before him. Sam eats his own tuna from his bowl on the floor.

74 EXT. NEVILLE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY 74

The window comes down. The car starts off. That single BARK. THREE LITTLE BIRDS starts to PLAY as the car pulls away.

75 INT. RADIO STATION - SIXTH AVENUE - DAY 75

Neville sits in a recording booth, ten car batteries hooked directly into the main recording control. Radio City Music hall promises the Rockettes out a sunny window behind him. Neville flips the main toggle from BROADCAST to RECORD.

#### NEVILLE

This message is for the week beginning September 12th, 2012. It will repeat for seven days, twenty-four hours a day, until September 19th when I will record again.

76 EXT. CENTRAL PARK FARM - DAY 76

Neville harvests his day's fresh vegetables. Takes a beat to shake his head at all clean Sam rolling in the dirt. Smiles.

#### NEVILLE (OVER)

If that date has passed, and you are hearing this broadcast, it means that I am dead and you should disregard the following...

77

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - DAY

77

Neville stands on the pier. New daises beside him. Crisp sunlight breaks on the water. Another perfect day.

NEVILLE (OVER)

My name is Robert Neville. I am a survivor living in New York I will be at the South Street Seaport every day at midday, when the sun is highest in the sky. If you are out there... if anyone is out there...

Sam runs up, tail wagging, fetched tennis ball in mouth. Neville takes the ball and throws it as far as he can. Sam turns and runs after it.

RADIO (NEVILLE'S VOICE)

...I can provide food, I can provide shelter, I can provide security. If there's anybody out there... anybody. Please. You are not alone.

Neville's watch BEEPS. He stands. Looks around at the empty city. WHISTLES for Sam. Then he starts back towards his SUV.

78

INT. SUV - DAY - DRIVING

78

Neville and Sam are heading downtown. Neville's map is spread open on the seat before him.

NEVILLE

You were very, very clean-

Neville hits the breaks. Hard. Sam is up, BARKING. Neville throws the car into reverse, moving fast backwards.

He backs up so he can see Park Avenue. There, on the ramp in front of Grand Central Station stands a single figure. A man.

NEVILLE

HEY!

Neville is shouting out his open window. Guns the car up the elevated ramp towards the standing figure.



79

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

79

The ramp ahead has collapsed, spilling cars onto streets below. Neville is out of his SUV, gun in hand by reflex, Sam bounding ahead on the remaining pavement towards the figure.

NEVILLE  
HEY!! HELLO!!! HEY!!

That's when Neville starts to slow, finally stops.

NEVILLE  
SAM!

About ten yards ahead, the dog freezes. Spins to look back. Neville makes a hand-sign and the dog trots back behind him.

Neville is staring at the figure. Blue jeans. A thermal shirt. Boots. Standing perfectly still. Its a mannequin.

NEVILLE  
What is this?

Neville is moving closer. There's a tenor to a man's VOICE when he's scared he's lost his grip on things.

NEVILLE  
What are you doing here, Fred?

Neville's VOICE has that sound. Sam begins BARKING at Neville's agitation.

NEVILLE  
WHAT IS THIS?

Neville's got his gun up and pointing at the smiling, implacable mannequin.

NEVILLE  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE??

That fixed, plastic smile. Neville's starts FIRING, SHOT after SHOT, blowing the figure to the ground in a storm of exploding plastic, Neville SCREAMING as he SHOOTS.

Neville stops firing. Stops screaming. The ECHOES off the empty buildings fade. The city is again silent.

The storm of gunfire has somehow taken the edge off, defused his fear, now giving way to agitated curiosity.

He walks up the ramp, past a car half curled into the high safety rail, hanging above the street blow.

Closer still. He can see hand prints of the plastic limbs of the mannequin. Hand prints made in white mud.

Neville steps forward. Something jerks around his foot. That car by the safety rail starts to tilt over the edge.

He looks down. One of his own snares. Around his ankle, cinching tight as that car starts to fall and...

Neville is jerked off his feet, whipped into the air, feet first. His head SMACKS pavement.

BLACK SCREEN.

LIGHT APPEARS through blinking darkness TO REVEAL a city upside down, bathed in red. (OVER) BEEPING.

Neville slowly gets his bearings. He glances at his hanging hands. All three of his watches are BEEPING.

Beyond his swinging wrist, the orange orb of the sun hangs well too near the building tips. Sam is BARKING below him.

Neville tries to reach up, to grab the snare wire that's biting into his ankle, blood having run up his body and soaked his pants a deep wet purple.

But he's been hanging too long. At his movement, Sam's HOARSE barking grows HYSTERICAL. Neville drops his head to look straight down at the dog.

NEVILLE

Okay, Sam. I'm all right.

But he's not, really. He's strung up from a light post and the sun is setting. Neville strains up again, futile, then hangs a beat, considering.

He begins rocking his body, slowly at first, getting a slight pendulum-like motion going.

The cable biting into his leg is agony but he continues, the arc of his swing getting wider. Neville reaches his hand out towards the light post, swinging, fingers almost touching, swinging, fingers graze metal, swinging and...grab.

He pulls himself to the light pole, both hands now gaining purchase on the cold metal. The sun has fallen behind the highest buildings.

Straining every muscle in his upper body, he pulls himself up the post to the overhang bar, relieving the tension on the wire. He tries to untangle the snare, but his fingers won't do the trick.

NEVILLE  
(all frustration)  
Aaaaaa!

Neville reaches to his belt and pulls his knife. Teeth drag on thin cable, back and forth, strands cut...

WHAM!

Neville drops 10 feet to the ground, landing on his knife which lodges itself in his thigh, hilt SNAPPING off. Neville SCREAMS in pain, Sam on him, licking his face.

Neville rolls over, stares at the hilt-less blade jutting out from his leg. Blood seeps out around the edges.

A HOWL. Sam freezes, goes low. Neville's SCREAM had attracted some attention. He follows the dog's gaze.

From the tall, shattered windows of Grand Central comes a creeping ghost. One at, first. Followed by two others.

On all fours, the dogs move, muscle and sinew roiling beneath furless flesh, chests heaving up and down too fast. Bloody jaws SNAP hungrily under coal eyes.

Neville rolls over and grabs his fallen gun. The dogs are closing. Though they stick to the shadows, these beasts are apparently more light tolerant than their human cousins.

Neville, still sitting, aims, squeezes off a shot. Nothing. Tries the automatic setting. Gun broken in the fall.

Neville spins. His SUV sits in a slash of light cutting across 41st onto the overpass.

NEVILLE  
Gotta go, Sam.

Sam is between him and the hellhounds, GROWLING.

NEVILLE  
Sam, get back.

Neville tries to stand, but goes down. Leg won't take the weight. He starts drag-crawling himself backwards towards the SUV. Sam holds SNARLING ground between Neville and the beasts.

NEVILLE

Sam, get away from them.

The light on them is fading. Just get to the truck. The world is all SNARLS. Sam's. The monsters'.

A few more yards. The sun is slipping away. Neville has left his driver's side door open. See the extra gun in the side pocket. Maybe another yard. Sun going. Closer.

The first monster leaps. It flies towards Neville's throat, hit by another shape, hard, in mid-air.

Sam knocks the creature onto the pavement, the two rolling in savage concert. Fangs gnash.

The second one goes for Neville, now sitting next to his open door. Dog flies as Neville's hand comes out, SHOOTING TWICE, monster already dead as it hits him.

Neville shoves off the corpse, making it to his knees to see Sam and the first monster savaging each other. Sam's not winning. Blood is everywhere.

NEVILLE

(looking for a shot)

Sa-

That last monster hits Neville hard from behind, knocking him flat, gun SKITTERING across pavement.

Bloody fangs SNAP and DROOL inches from Neville's face. He's holding the creature off by its throat. Barely.

(OVER) Sam YELPS terribly. Hurt. Bad.

NEVILLE

No!

He uses all his strength to try and push off the monster. But the thing is just too strong. SNAPPING jaws come closer. A shaking, blurring face of death right into Neville's-

IMPACT.

The thing is suddenly gone, knocked off him. Neville stumbles up. That first monster dog is dead and Sam has now hurled himself onto this one.

But the cost is visible on Sam's ravaged body. Sam's fur is torn out in places, face bloody, one paw bitten lame.

Neville rolls with straining agony on that speared leg, grabbing his fallen gun, laying flat on his stomach.

NEVILLE

Sam!

Sam, manages to look up and that's all the opening Neville needs, taking the SHOT, getting the monster in the throat.

He crawls over and pulls Sam free of the entangled monster's corpse. Sam looks up at him, so sad. WHIMPERING.

NEVILLE

Hey, you come on now. You hang in there.

Sam's snout can barely rise, but does, just enough to give Neville one plaintive, satisfied lick.

NEVILLE

You hang in there, you hear me, Samantha.

What Neville does now is transcendent. He scoops Sam up in his arms and, despite the impossible pain, fresh blood spilling from his leg wound, he lifts her into the SUV.

NEVILLE

You're going to be okay, girl.  
Please. You're going to be okay.

In his VOICE the sound of his breaking heart.

80 EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - EVENING

80

Neville's SUV is parked half up on the sidewalk.

81 INT. NEVILLE'S LAB - NIGHT

81

Neville BANGS through the door, Sam in his arms. Blood dripping down his arms, his own stained clothes. He's obviously forgone any safety protocols.

NEVILLE

Okay, baby, you hang on.

Neville lays Sam down on the operating table. She stares up at him balefully. The SOUND she makes is terribly small.

NEVILLE

Here, now.

Neville has drawn down an IV tube and begins a sedation drip.

NEVILLE

Everything's going to feel better.

Sam reacts to the sedative, eyes growing heavy, breath coming easier. Neville looks down at the blade in his leg.

He walks to the medicine counter grabs a bottle of pain killers, shakes out a handful and gobbles them.

Based on the wounds, actually, you'd think she might make it. But that's not the way Neville's acting.

He rolls a stool in front of his main computer. One hand on his sedated dog behind him, his other activates an interface.

NEVILLE

Search: KP logs.

A SEARCH prompt appears on screen.

NEVILLE

Canine.

That tiny hourglass spins and spins.

NEVILLE

Come on!

SCREEN-CLOSE

A haggard MAN (JOHN KRIPPIN) stares out from the screen.

KRIPPIN

December 14, 2009.

Behind him, a lab bustles with urgency. Still, hard not to be reminded of Neville's video journal last night.

KRIPPIN

Although, like many other animals immune to the airborne mutation, once fluid to fluid transmission occurs, only a higher light tolerance distinguishes-

NEVILLE

Stop. Next entry.

Image jumps forward.

SCREEN-CLOSE

Krippin, different shirt, same lab, darker eyes.

KRIPPIN

December 18, 2009. Encouraging signs, initial Canine trails with Sulfas appear somewhat effective-

NEVILLE

Stop. Search: canine, conclusions.

SCREEN-CLOSE

Krippin. Same shirt, worn for days. The lab is empty behind him.

KRIPPIN

December 21, 2009. Attempts to reduce the viral load are ineffective. Once the dogs are infected with KV it is as terminal in Canines as it is in humans.

ON NEVILLE-CLOSE. Not what he wants to hear. Krippin stares back at him across time, his expression a mirror of despair.

Neville rises. Sam WHIMPERS in her sleep. He rubs her face. Lifts an eyelid. Pupil near black. Her fur is already falling out in patches.

Neville goes to the fridge, draws that latest serum into a syringe. He crosses back to his dog. Neville looks at the hypo a beat. Then he introduces the serum into Sam's throat.

Now he lifts her into his arms and slides, sitting, down to the floor, holding her, rubbing her head.

NEVILLE

Come on, girl. You can do this.

82

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT - 3 YEARS EARLIER

82

FDR heading downtown. In the back windshield the Empire State Building beams Christmas red and green into the sky.

DRIVER

Come on!

The SUV is approaching the exit ramp to the South Street Seaport. A two car wreck fills the middle of both lanes. Cops are everywhere. Some drivers have already abandoned their vehicles in the snarl of traffic.

DRIVER  
(into a hand mic)  
This is Ranger six two one.  
Proceeding on foot.

He pulls off onto the shoulder, turns to Neville who nods, already looking at his wife and child.

NEVILLE  
He's going to have to tag us.

DRIVER  
Afraid this is for keeps.

The Driver has taken a small instrument, about the size of a flashlight from the glove compartment. He activates it by putting his thumb on a security scanner.

NEVILLE  
Give him your hand, honey.

MARLEY  
Why?

GINNY  
Listen yo your father.

MARLEY  
You listen.

But she obliges. The Driver presses the end of the tag into the back of Marley's hand. (OVER) A tiny HISS. Marley LAUGHS.

MARLEY  
Cool.

A red number and bar code glow just forward of her wrist.

GINNY  
See if she says that when she's sixteen.

Neville smiles back at Ginny as he and his wife get tags of their own. One thing about this woman, the worse things get, the stronger she becomes.

The soldiers from the escort vehicle have come up outside the SUV as the Driver tags his own hand.



83

EXT. FDR DRIVE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

83

Neville and his family emerge from the SUV. Neville looks down over the exit ramp.

NEVILLE

Shit.

DRIVER

Yeah.

MARLEY

Daddy owes me a dollar.

84

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - CONTINUOUS

84

Madness.

A series of barricaded checkpoints line the sloping access ramp. The seaport beyond has been isolated by ten foot high chain link fence outside of which growing crowds press.

Inside the fence, illuminated by spotlights, thousands of what the CDC would call priority evacuees, are directed to loading barges or a series of helicopter pads from which choppers are shuttling back and forth to Brooklyn.

DRIVER

Ten thousand priority evacuees.

(morons)

City decided they'd take it over.

Neville nods.

NEVILLE

How long?

The Driver checks his watch.

DRIVER

Ten minutes. We'll make it. Just stay close.

Neville hands Ginny the puppy. He lifts Marley and puts her on his back and they start down the ramp.

NEVILLE

Chest not neck baby.

NEVILLE

I know. Where's everybody going?

NEVILLE

Brooklyn.

NEVILLE  
Brook-land.

A restless crowd has gathered at the first checkpoint. (OVER)  
A LOUDSPEAKER booms.

VOICE (OVER)  
You may proceed with a barcode  
only. If you do not have a barcode,  
please return to your home.

Neville's security are pushing, making a path through the  
crowd. They are forceful, almost rough. A MAN SHOUTS.

MAN  
What makes you so special? Hey.

The closer they get to the check point, the more ARGUMENTS,  
they pass, occasional fights, ever more PLEADING.

Finally they reach the screening booths. MPs with hand  
scanners clear tags, others keep those not cleared at bay.

An MP runs the scanner over Neville's and Marley's hands,  
both GREEN. But Ginny's hand clicks the scanner RED.

The MPs eye her tensely. But a second swipe clears.

A WOMAN falls to her knees at their checkpoint, WEEPING,  
BEGGING. Beside her is a girl about Marley's age.

WOMAN  
Please, just my baby. Anything you  
want. Just take my baby.

MARLEY  
Daddy, why can't the little girl  
come too?

Neville has no answer. They pass the checkpoint. (OVER) That  
Woman keeps PLEADING for the life of one child.

85

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - NIGHT - 3 YEARS EARLIER

85

What looks like madness from above is worse on the ground.  
The seaport is crowded with evacuees. Some have escorts like  
Neville. Most don't, move in wide eyed stupor.

Soldiers direct people based on their numbers towards the  
barges or the chopper pads. The mass of people pressing into  
the fence outside is quickly becoming a mob.

DRIVER  
(into his palm)  
Ranger six two one, we're on site.  
(listens)  
Pad 3, Roger.

He leads them towards a pad where a few men and women wait. A chopper is already a light gliding from Brooklyn.

DRIVER  
(to Neville)  
Civilians on barges, military's  
choppers. I got them on a bird.

A bright flash. Turning faces, all illuminated as if by fire.

NEVILLE  
It's started.

The Triboro is far enough up the East River that the EXPLOSIONS there could be fireworks.

The Third Avenue and the Williamsburg bridges go next, close enough that Neville can see the lights of the hovering gunships, the streak of the rockets before they EXPLODE.

Finally giant gunships blow out the centers of the Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges, their roadways EXPLODING, mighty cables SNAPPING and SCREAMING through air, molten steel falling into the water in a terrible ROAR of steam.

The crowd outside the fences stands, shocked.

Then shock gives way to panic and a section of the fence goes down. People race into the water, SCREAMING for help that will never come, BEGGING not be left behind.

Some even start swimming towards the departing barges. A SARGENT on the rear barge lifts a megaphone.

SARGENT  
(over megaphone)  
Return to shore! Do not approach  
the barges! You will be fired on!

Sargent doesn't even wait to see that none of the swimmers respond. He simply nods and two GIs open FIRE, spraying the water with bullets, stopping the swimmers for good.

GINNY  
No, sweetie.

She grabs Marley, covering her eyes.

MARLEY

Get off.

GINNY

Robert...

A helicopter is lowering onto the pad, light blinding. The rear slides open, remaining stragglers scramble inside.

NEVILLE

(over the ROAR)

Mike...

Neville is looking at his Driver who shakes his head.

DRIVER

Orders are I stay with you, Sir.  
Get you to and from the lab until  
you say we go off island.

(off the second driver)

Jay, here, can escort them...

NEVILLE

Mike...

The moment lasts. Then Neville's Driver nods, climbs into the chopper.

DRIVER

I won't take my eyes off them, doc.  
You have my word on it.

Neville takes the puppy from Ginny, hands her to Mike. He looks at his wife.

GINNY

Please.

NEVILLE

I can turn this around.

GINNY

Do you hear yourself? Just get in.

NEVILLE

I love you.

GINNY

Oh God.

She holds him, so tight, a last kiss. Mike helps her in.

MARLEY

Daddy!

He is lifting her up around his head.

MARLEY

Daddy, you have to come too.

NEVILLE

Daddy's going to make the monsters  
go away, okay baby?

MARLEY

Promise?

NEVILLE

Promise.

He holds her so tight.

MARLEY

You're squashing me.

NEVILLE

I know.

He smiles through the water in his eyes. He hands her up to  
Mike and she scrambles into her mother's arms.

MARLEY

Sam!

On the day Neville dies he remains as puzzled about why Sam  
leaps from the chopper into his arms as he is right now.  
Maybe the dog just didn't like to fly. Maybe love, who knows?

MARLEY

Daddy, gimme her back-

The chopper has already started to rise. He reaches up with  
the puppy. Already too high for Mike's outstretched hands.

NEVILLE

I've got her baby.

Neville watches Janice whisper something into her daughter's.  
Marley grins.

MARLEY

You have to do the push up dance  
for her, daddy. Mommy says.

Janice grins at her husband over her daughter's shoulder, a private joke between them. He smiles back as they rise away.

MARLEY

Bye, Sam! Bye...

86 INT. NEVILLE'S LAB - NIGHT

86

MARLEY (OVER)

Sam.

Neville holds the dog, still petting her head, rubbing her neck. She begins to stir. Her nose comes up as if to nuzzle.

But her eyes spring open black. Her lips SNARL, mouth too wide, spilling blood as she lurches for Neville's throat.

Neville blocks her attack with one of those gas SPRAYS, Sam's face falling into Neville's hands, eyes rolling up and shut.

Neville drops his head. He just sits, rocking her still form.

NEVILLE

No, no, no, no, no....

87 EXT. LOWER FIFTH AVENUE - DAWN

87

Sun breaks. The first sparrows fly as Neville's SUV drives down the street. (OVER) Three Little Birds PLAYS.

88 INT. NEVILLE'S SUV - DAWN - MOVING

88

Neville's still wearing yesterday's clothes. His pants are a deep red and that knife blade is still planted in his leg.

Neville keeps his hand on Sam's PANTING, unconscious body in the passenger seat. Her hair drifts out the open window.

89 EXT. SHEEP'S MEADOW FARM - DAY

89

Neville stands at the utility cottage, Sam in his arms.

90 INT. CENTRAL PARK - UTILITY COTTAGE - MORNING

90

Neville sets Sam down in the dark shadows. He looks down at her. Then he sprays a counter-agent. Sam's black eyes open.

Neville has backed up to the door. Sam shakes off the gas. GROWLS at Neville. Then she leaps for him.

Neville steps back outside, Sam stopping at the wedge of light. She SNARLS again, savage. Hungry.

The moment lasts. Then, no food to get, Sam turns and disappears back into the cool dark.

Neville stands staring at the empty doorway.

NEVILLE

Bye, Sam.

91 INT. NEVILLE'S CAR - DAY

91

Neville drives. He can't quite catch his breath. (OVER) WIND whips into the car from Sam's open window.

Neville looks over. Tears begin streaming down his face as he rolls up her glass one last time.

The SOBS come now, so hard, now, he swerves, the car bumping the curb as he manages to pull to a stop.

Neville drops his head to the wheel and just WEEPS.

92 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - FOYER- DAY

92

Neville stumbles inside. The blast shutters are still closed from last night. Dark.

93 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

93

Neville spills several bottles of pills, surgical scissors and a hypo kit on the floor in front of the couch where a Bunsen burner already stands, then stumbles OFF SCREEN.

(OVER) RATTLING bottles from the kitchen and he returns with a fifth of vodka and a pair of needle nosed pliers, also now deposited on the floor.

Neville sits down in front of the couch. He downs another few painkillers. Next he pours vodka on the wound, GROANING through the pain.

Neville fills the syringe with novocaine and anesthetizes the skin around the wound in a series of jabs.

Now he cuts a hole in his pants with the scissors, getting a better look. It's a brutal and ugly gash, the edge of the blade sticking through ripped swelling like a metal tongue through dirty lips. Black infection already spreads.

Neville takes off his belt, loops it around his thigh above the wound and tightens, GRUNTING, as the bubbling red around the wound quickly subsides.

Neville grabs a bottle of antibiotics, takes a mouthful, washing them down, COUGHING, with vodka. Next he ignites the Bunsen burner, adjusting the blue flame white hot.

Neville takes the pliers and, wincing despite the novocaine, gets a grip on the edge of the embedded blade.

NEVILLE

1...2...3.

He wrenches out the blade, EXHALE a terrible MOAN of pain and despair.

What he does now is impossible.

Hands trembling, he holds the knife blade in the Bunsen burner, the metal glowing red.

Neville holds the hot steel out in front of him. In his eyes, his trembling lips, fear.

He shuts off the burner. Still staring at the glowing blade.

NEVILLE

Shit...shit...shit.

Neville shoves the glowing blade back inside the wound, cauterizing the SIZZLING flesh, smoke curling upwards.

Neville SCREAMS.

Neville pulls the blade out again. He hangs on long enough to free his the belt buckle, releasing the tourniquet.

Neville passes out.

HOLD on his face. (OVER) A RINGING.

Neville opens his eyes.

Shutters closed, it's hard to tell the time of day. Images on the wall monitor are green ghosts so it must be night out.



Neville looks down at his leg. The blood is dried. He lifts the antibiotics and pours in another mouthful.

That's when the RINGING starts again.

Neville looks up. It's his phone. He stares at it. Hard not to be frightened of a ringing phone in an empty city.

Neville lifts a hypo and draws a stimulant. He punches it into his arm. Stares at the phone. Silence.

And then it RINGS again. Maybe somehow...

Neville grabs the edge of the couch, manages to pull himself standing, finally letting some weight onto his bad leg. The wound SCREAMS in pain but no more blood.

Another RING. Neville starts across the room but overestimates the leg, knee buckling as he reaches for the phone which goes tumbling onto the floor along with him.

He finds the receiver. Pulls it to his ear.

NEVILLE

Hello? Hello?

VOICE (OVER)

Daddy?

But the VOICE isn't coming from the receiver. Neville turns. Standing over him is his daughter. She looks down at him.

MARLEY

You said you were going to make the monsters go away.

NEVILLE

Marley-

The little girl SCREAMS.

Neville's eyes spring open. He is laying on the floor with the phone spilled out in front of him. Must have passed out from the pain. He manages to pull himself upright again.

Sitting on the couch is a familiar figure. It's Krippin, the man we saw on the video log. Only, he's wearing a suit and behind him is a familiar backdrop we can't place until we hear the disembodied VOICE that connects to it.

OPRAH'S VOICE

... The world of medicine has seen its share of miracle cures, from the polio vaccine to heart transplants, but all past achievements may pale in comparison to the work of my next guest, Dr. John Krippin...

(OVER) APPLAUSE. Krippin smiles, confident. The eyes of a man who wants nothing more than to change the world. And has.

KRIPPIN

Hi.

OPRAH

Dr. Krippin, John, give it to me in a nutshell.

KRIPPIN

My premise was simple. Take something nature designed and reprogram it, make it work for the body, not against it.

OPRAH

You're talking about a virus.

KRIPPIN (V.O.)

Yes. Genetically engineered to be helpful, not harmful. We needed a tough virus, sure, but the virus itself was made impotent. We simply utilized its essential characteristics -- the elements that make it such a potent adversary -- and turned them into weapons we can control.

OPRAH

So, just how many people have you treated so far?

KRIPPIN

We've had about 10,000 clinical trials in humans.

OPRAH

And how many of those people are cancer free?

OVER NEVILLE'S SHOULDER as Krippin blushes slightly.

KRIPPIN

All of them.

OPRAH

So, you've actually done it. You've actually cured cancer.

Modesty cannot hide his pride.

KRIPPIN

Yes. We have.

(OVER) APPLAUSE. Something pink and wet slathers on Neville's shoulder, a small furry shape crawling up his neck.

Neville shoves the thing onto the living room floor. A tiny PUPPY rights itself, stares up at him with hurt eyes.

NEVILLE

Sam?

The small creature YELPS and races off. Neville clambers up, going after the dog who has scampered through the nearly closed bathroom door.

NEVILLE

Sam. I'm sorry.

He pushes open the door and a FULL GROWN INFECTED SAM leaps at him, teeth gnashing at his face, Neville going down.

Neville is on the floor, hands over his face. No Sam. He rises, stumbles back to the couch and sits down.

NEVILLE

Infection. Delirious. Sedate.

He draws a hypo of liquid from inside the vial. Injects himself. Lays back on the couch and closes his eyes.

Krippin walks up, stands over him, as does his daughter, as does little Sam, hoping up onto his chest.

Neville opens his eyes. He is alone.

The monitors are now blown out, white, suggesting it is again day outside. At the dining table sits Krippin.

He looks different, head down, eyes hollow. Behind him are the wide windows and skyline view of an office in upper Manhattan. A DISEMBODIED VOICE BOOMS.

## GENERAL'S VOICE (OVER)

Bob, this is Dr. Alfred Krippin. He is, as I'm sure you know, the developer of the anti-cancer drug KV-14. Al, this is Dr. Robert Neville, a Colonel in the Army and one of the world's pre-eminent virologists. He is ex CDC and our best man on the ground in New York.

Krippin looks up at Neville slouched on the couch, actually nods to him, holding his eyes, then looking away.

## GENERAL'S VOICE

Dr. Neville has been reactivated by USAMRIID and will be working the recent development of side effects in subjects exposed to your vaccine. Dr. Krippin, you will share all data up to this point with Dr. Neville. Everything, Al, before this thing turns out to be a slate wiper.

Krippin manages to look up again. Worse than the circles of his eyes is the guilt, like a weight, stifling his breath.

## KRIPPIN

Of course. Everything I have. I'll do anything I can...

Krippin trails off. Despite himself, Neville nods. Krippin lowers his eyes in acknowledgment, a broken man.

(OVER) A SOUND draws Neville's attention to the kitchen. Ginny stands over the stove. An identical Ginny ENTERS from the hall, dog food bowl on her hand. A third Ginny emerges from the pantry, moving slightly to avoid the other two.

The kitchen continues to fill up with more and more versions of his wife, working, gazing out the window, washing up, all whispering PARDONS to each other as they each attempt to navigate the ever more crowded space.

Neville doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. Answer: both.

Something WHIPS against the window. Light spills in where there should be only shuttered metal.

Neville manages to stand, walks over to the bright white glass and looks out.

He is on a high floor. New York is visible through diffusing light of a quarantine bag. Beyond smoke, fires. No traffic.

(OVER) A wet COUGH. Neville turns.

Laying on a hospital bed Krippin. Or what's left of him. His eyes are ringed red. His skin is sallow. His VOICE, when it comes, is like sandpaper.

KRIPPIN

How long have I been out?

Krippin is staring up at him. He really wants him to answer.

KRIPPIN

How long?

NEVILLE

(finally)

Two days.

KRIPPIN

We didn't catch it in time, did we?

A beat.

NEVILLE

No, Al. We didn't.

KRIPPIN

Jesus.

The face of a doctor belies the soul of a dying man.

KRIPPIN

What are the numbers?

Neville stands staring down at him.

KRIPPIN

Bob. Please.

Neville doesn't know what to do. So he simply says the words he said so long ago, like a stand-in in his own play.

NEVILLE

90 percent.

Krippin closes his eyes. The drops that emerge are blood, running down his cheeks soaking the now darkening pillow.

KRIPPIN

The other ten?

NEVILLE

You know the symptoms, Al.

Krippin says nothing. A long beat. Finally he asks the question he's been waiting to ask.

KRIPPIN

Immunity?

NEVILLE

Herb. Williams down in radiology.  
Less than two percent, we figure.

KRIPPIN

And you.

NEVILLE

And me.

He closes his eyes a beat, two more tears of blood.

KRIPPIN

I'm so sorry, Bob.

For him? The world? Neville won't ever know. Because Krippin is dead, sightless eyes fixed forward.

MARLEY

Daddy, you said you were going to  
make the monsters go away.

She is standing right next to him. Now she starts to SHRIEK the words at the top of her lungs.

MARLEY

YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THE  
MONSTERS GO AWAY!!!

He stares at her, she keeps SCREAMING the same words, over and over, not even taking time for a breath.

MARLEY

YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THE  
MONSTERS GO AWAY... YOU SAID YOU  
WERE GOING TO MAKE THE MONSTERS GO  
AWAY...

And that's when Neville understands. He looks up, the clarity of realization in his eyes.

MARLEY

YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THE  
MONSTERS GO AWAY...  
(MORE)

MARLEY (cont'd)  
 YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THE  
 MONSTERS GO AWAY...

Neville stumbles to the pile of pills on the floor. He grabs a bottle of stimulants, downs half.

MARLEY  
 YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THE  
 MONSTERS GO AWAY... YOU SAID YOU  
 WERE GOING TO MAKE THE MONSTERS GO  
 AWAY...

Then he walks to the foyer. Opens the closet there and loads a bag with rifles, extra clips, pistols, a new hunting knife.

MARLEY  
 YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THE  
 MONSTERS GO AWAY... YOU SAID YOU  
 WERE GOING TO MAKE THE MONSTERS GO  
 AWAY...

Only when he opens the door does her SCREAMING stop. Neville stands staring into...

94 EXT. WASHINGTON SQAURE NORTH - NIGHT

94

Three years since his last look at this city in darkness. Moonlight paints a pale brush. Actual fireflies dance.

Neville doesn't stay still long, stumbling towards his car without bothering to lock his front door.

Who knows how long he has, a second, a minute, as he BEEPS his alarm. Climbs into his car.

(OVER) Neville starts the ENGINE. No lights. He's already moving away down the street, way too fast.

95 INT. SUV - DRIVING - NIGHT

95

The dark city speeds past. A man on a mission.

96 EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

96

The moon hangs low over quiet Brooklyn. Her twin floats like a glowing coin on the river. (OVER) Only the LAPPING river.

At first. (OVER) A low GROAN that becomes a ROAR as Neville's SUV comes hurling down South Street, takes the curb and goes flying out onto the pier itself.

97 INT. SUV - DRIVING - NIGHT

97

Neville drives. Out the windshield, the end of the pier is coming up fast. Looks like he's going right over the edge.

He BREAKS.

98 EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - NIGHT

98

The SUV SCREECHES and SKIDS to a stop near the end of the pier. Neville comes around, opens the back hatch. All business, he unloads guns and ammo on the open rear door.

Neville turns and faces the crisscrossing ramps of the FDR and the dark city beyond. Nothing you'd want to meet about that speeded-out heartbreak in his eyes.

NEVILLE

(soft, at first)

Hi, there.

Now he's LOUDER.

NEVILLE

How is everyone tonight?

And suddenly he's SHOUTING in all this endless dark.

NEVILLE

I said how is everyone tonight?!

(OVER) Somewhere in the distance those WAILS begin. Low, deep, inhuman.

NEVILLE

Come on, now! No need to be shy.

He pulls the hunting knife from his belt.

NEVILLE (CONT'D)

Here you go.

Neville draws blade across palm, running a line of blood.

NEVILLE

Soup's on!

Movement? Who knows. Neville grabs his rifle, spitting BULLETS at the uppermost access ramp to the FDR.



NEVILLE

Come on!

Now from the lower streets something seems to shift. He lays down a deafening SPREAD.

NEVILLE

COME ON!!

He's vibrating with fear, adrenaline and sad purpose. There are shapes, now, moving. These things dart like solid ghosts on the upper ramps, the streets.

Neville keeps FIRING. (OVER) SCREAMS. They come for him in a storm, but he's still FIRING. Managing to hold them off.

He's got rifles in both hands. Those semis RATTLE off SHOT after SHOT with amazing speed.

NEVILLE

All of you!

He just keeps SHOOTING. When one gun runs out, he simply grabs another. The mission is simple:

NEVILLE

I'll kill all of you. I'll kill you all.

But the truth is, there are far too many. And they're not dumb, these creatures. They've begun drawing his FIRE.

Finally, he's down to just pistols. SHOOTING in the dark. Then only one gun. Finally, the empty CLICKS of his last gun.

Neville stands alone in the dark. He looks at the empty guns in his hands. At the shapes moving on the ramps and street.

Massing.

There are tears in his eyes. But something else, mixed in with the fear. Relief. His last WORDS are hardly audible.

NEVILLE

Kill you all.

Neville just sits on the open SUV hatch. When they come, now, they come like a crashing wave, running from below, leaping from the upper ramps with HOWLING synchronicity.

Neville can't help but shove himself backward in fear, wincing, hand going up to ward off a hurling world of black eyes, SCREAMING maws and GNASHING teeth.

And he dies.

Or should. Instead, the world is suddenly daylight. FLARING, cold blue and so very light that Neville is instantly blind.

His eyes take a moment to adjust. But these creature's pupils don't dilate. Which is why they keep SCREAMING.

A figure is running towards him. A shadow in darkness, hard to reconcile as his eyes still struggle with the glow.

The form is small, lithe, weaving in and out of the fallen, writhing creatures that SCREAM and lash out in the light.

Only when the figure is right on him can he make out the form of a YOUNG WOMAN, mid 20's, her face glowing in the cold blue like an angel as she looks up at him and SPEAKS.

YOUNG WOMAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Are you out of your mind?

Neville just stares at her. Speechless doesn't quite cover it. He reaches out and touches her face. Meet ANNA.

ANNA

Jesus! You're stoned.

Now you can see where the light comes from. Burning along the pier are a series of magnesium flares already sputtering out.

ANNA

Come on.

She's SLAMMED the back of the SUV closed, is now shoving Neville towards the passenger door. Pushes him inside.

99

INT. SUV - NIGHT - MOVING

99

She climbs in the driver's side, GUNS the engine, begins BACKING UP straight through the blinded creatures.

Neville is just staring at her, trying to figure out if she's real, or if he's dead. He reaches to her face again.

ANNA

(turning)

Oh, man. Stop, okay?

She keeps reversing down the pier, the creatures BUMPING off their car like a fun house ride.

ANNA

Flares...

She has tossed a back-pack on his lap. He just looks at it.

ANNA

Inside.

She is still driving within the sputtering flare light. But beyond the world seems to be solid with those creatures.

Neville spills the bag onto his lap. Home made tubes with fuses and a starter cap roll on his lap.

NEVILLE

Fireworks.

ANNA

Magnesium.

Neville nods, almost believing this all might be real.

ANNA

Out the window.

Instead he reaches forward and flicks a switch. The lights on the car roof begin to strobe, making a wider circle of light. More creatures further out begin to twitch and WAIL.

The girl throws a small, grim smile.

ANNA

Nice.

She spins forward, down South Street. Overhead, on rooftops the creatures are keeping pace, racing white shadows.

She shoots into a small parking lot under the highway, then SCREECHES to a stop. Throws open her door.

NEVILLE

What are you-

A small figure scampers up over Anna and into the back seat, his own bag in hand. A boy no older than eight or nine.

ANNA

I'm Anna. That's Ethan.

Anna is already accelerating fast down South Street as she SLAMS the door closed.

ANNA

What were you doing? Were you  
trying to kill yourself?

Neville opens his mouth to answer. Truth is, he can't.

ANNA

You're Robert Neville, right? We  
waited all day, man. What happened?

He's still not getting it.

ANNA

From on the radio.

She has SCREECHED around Wall Street, the creatures still  
keeping pace on the rooftops, but staying out of the  
perimeter of strobing light.

ANNA

You have somewhere we can go?

He just stares.

ANNA

Do you-

BANG. Anna's door punches inward as the SUV is hit broadside.  
Hard. It fishtails.

BANG. Neville's door comes bending inward as the car is hit  
from the other side.

SMASH. A form hits the windshield, spider-webbing glass.

100

EXT. WATER STREET - HIGH WIDE

100

TRACK WITH A CREATURE racing down the empty side street. It  
hurls itself towards the corner just as the SUV shoots past  
the empty intersection, light hitting the creature in mid-  
air, its body a spasmodic torpedo as it CRASHES the SUV.

101

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

101

The car spins again from the IMPACT. Anna fights to keep  
control. Neville has grabbed a gun and SHOOTS the twitching  
creature off the windshield, glass spilling everywhere.

102 EXT. WALL STREET - DRIVING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 102

Another creature runs and hurls itself from the other side of the SUV, impact sending the truck spinning yet again.

103 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS 103

Anna reacts with the wheel. Like a series of car crashes, one after the next.

ANNA

I need to get somewhere straight.

NEVILLE

What?

ANNA

I can out run them. But I need to get up speed.

NEVILLE

Left. Next left.

In the rearview mirror the creatures are doing something new. Only one word for it. Swarming.

104 EXT. SOUTH STREET - NIGHT 104

The creatures are racing forward but also racing up on top of each other, using their own vanguard as a springing-off point to leap ahead, creating a rolling, living wave of flesh.

Anna cuts hard left away from the swarm. The creatures go up the parallel block.

105 INT. SUV - NIGHT - MOVING 105

Sudden stillness. No sign of the swarm.

ANNA

Where'd they-

Neville's expression darkens. He knows this tactic.

NEVILLE

Veer right-

Too late, the swarm explodes through the side street, onto a lamp-post, bringing it down, cutting them off.

Anna is up, on the pavement, driving right through a lot that has become a garden. The things are close behind.

NEVILLE

Now right. There. Now!

Anna cuts the wheel hard onto Broadway. The empty avenue stretches on endlessly ahead.

NEVILLE

Go, go, go.

Anna GUNS the engine as the swarm comes pouring around the corner right behind them.

IN THE REARVIEW. They are inches from the car, a few creatures grabbing hold. Faces fill the back windshield.

106 EXT. SUV - DRIVING

106

The windows explode in bright blue light. The creatures hanging on the back SCREAM and tumble off the truck.

107 INT. SUV - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

107

Neville is staring at Ethan who has a burning flare in his hand, has just taken out the monsters.

Beyond, out the window, the swarm is pouring down Broadway like a tide, rolling after them, filling the street, leaping parked cars, bouncing off the lowest window ledges.

But that lethal tide is receding, getting further and further away as Anna continues her headlong acceleration.

ANNA

They don't get much over 40-45, right?

She sees his small head shake. He doesn't know.

ANNA

Anyway, not so far. Where can we go?

NEVILLE

We have to stay out until dawn. They can't track us.

Anna nods. Neville's eyes seem heavy. That's when she notices the dark, wet beyond his feet. She flips on dash light.

ANNA

Oh, man! Look at you!

The floor in front of Neville is literally pooled with blood. The red spill issues from his leg, that re-opened wound.

ANNA

Where's your house?

Neville shuts off the exterior strobes.

NEVILLE

They'll track us back. They can't know where I live.

He's fighting to stay conscious. He reaches to the dashboard and hands her something. It's his folded map.

NEVILLE

Just keep driving until dawn.

Anna nods, looks at Neville's leg. Then up at the black sky. Over to Neville who's out cold, breath growing ragged.

108

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - NIGHT

108

The helicopter is pulling away. Marley has taken to waving at him through the window. (OVER) SCREAMS, more SHOOTING.

The bullet that hits the rotor could have come from anywhere. No one has time to know anything goes wrong.

Metal flies into the gas tank. One moment Marley is smiling and the next the helicopter is gone, a ball of flame. Vaporized.

(OVER) Neville SCREAMS.

PUSH IN ON his closed eyes. They spring open. (OVER) The familiar BUZZING of his alarm clock. WIDER.

109

INT. NEVILLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

109

Neville looks around his room.

NEVILLE

Sam?

Neville pulls off the sheet. No dream at all. His shirt is gone. Pants have been cut into shorts. His leg has been professionally stitched. Touches the neat whiskers of thread.

Neville climbs off of his bed. Tests the leg. Okay. Looks under his pillow for something that isn't there.

He goes to the closet, reaches past his clothes to find what he's looking for on the top shelf. A gun.

110 INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER 110

Neville, in T-shirt and jeans, moves downstairs, gun waist high. From below, VOICES. He thumbs the hammer back.

111 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 111

Neville ENTERS. That boy Ethan sits in front of the TV. The VOICES are Shrek. And a donkey, actually.

Ethan stands when he sees Neville, alert. Neville turns. The girl is in the kitchen, back to him, standing at the stove.

112 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 112

OVER Anna cooks a pan of frozen bacon. Sexy in a world where that's no longer a good thing. Tough in a world where it is.

Her hand goes to the pistol tucked in her belt as she hears Neville fill the doorway behind her.

Both stand fixed. Hands on guns. Separated by ten feet. No one knows exactly what to do. What happens now?

NEVILLE  
(finally)  
Good stitches.

He eases the hammer down on his pistol, lays the gun on the counter beside him.

NEVILLE  
You go to Med School?

ANNA  
No.

Now she takes her hand off her gun.

ANNA  
I can't believe you have bacon.

Turns so she is looking right into his face. Smiles.



ANNA

Hi.

NEVILLE

Hello.

The air is thick with wonder. And attraction. See what happens to your mating drive when you think you're the last consenting adult on the planet. The moment lasts.

ANNA

(calling)

Ethan! Food!

113 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

113

Neville and Ethan sit at the table as Anna finishes serving bacon and powdered eggs. He can't take his eyes off her.

He reaches for his food. Anna has already taken Ethan's hand.

ANNA

Dear father who are in heaven-

Neville stops short, frozen by her look.

ANNA

-thank you for this blessing. Amen.

She looks up at Neville. He frowns, is she kidding?

NEVILLE

(okay...)

...Amen.

Anna starts to eat, Ethan instantly following suit. Neville tries the eggs and bacon. Fantastic.

ANNA

He doesn't talk.

Neville appraises him with a physician's eye. Whatever his opinion, he says nothing.

NEVILLE

Where did you come from?

ANNA

Maryland. Do you have a dog?

Ann's looking at Sam's bowl, still in the corner.

NEVILLE

No.

Neville watches her eat her eggs.

ANNA

You know you're staring at me. It's okay. I'm just saying that you are.

She looks up at him. He glances away.

NEVILLE

I'm going to need a blood and urine sample.

ANNA

What?

NEVILLE

Blood and urine.

ANNA

No. I heard you. You're not so good with people anymore, are you?

Neville's not sure what to say.

ANNA

That's okay.

They continue to eat in silence.

114 INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

114

Ethan sits on the couch, fingers a fresh band-aid on the inside of his elbow, again staring at the TV. PULL BACK...

Neville is filling the last of three test tubes with Anna's blood. Ethan's tubes are on the table beside him.

ANNA

How long?

Neville releases the rubber strip around her arm.

NEVILLE

Hmmm?

Puts a cotton ball inside her forearm.

NEVILLE

Press.

ANNA

Until we know?

He has begun labeling her three tubes.

ANNA

How long until we know?

He isn't looking up. Doesn't see the fear in her eyes.

NEVILLE

Know what?

ANNA

If we're sick.

He's marking up the third tube.

NEVILLE

Bugs still active. If you haven't got it by now you're not going to.

He is already walking towards the door.

NEVILLE

You're immune. I just need to get these down to the lab. I'll be-

He looks back at Anna, stops. Her face streams with tears.

ANNA

I didn't know.

See the terrible fear she's lived with every day.

ANNA

I thought-

She looks at Ethan, then back at Neville. Her VOICE steady despite the still flowing tears.

NEVILLE

We're not going to get sick.

Neville just stares at her. So much emotion and humanity in a life long devoid of both. Not sure what to say. Finally...

NEVILLE

Do you want to take a shower?

She looks up at him, a small light behind the tears. That SOUND is somewhere between a SOB and a LAUGH.

115 INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

115

Neville pulls the pump CHUGGING. Anna watches, back to the wall. Neville reaches into the shower, turns on the water.

NEVILLE

Careful.

ANNA

What?

(getting it)

You have hot?

Anna reaches in, tentatively touches the spray. Her fingers stretch wide, her expression sublime.

ANNA

Oh.

Both are suddenly entirely aware of their proximity.

NEVILLE

Towels are in there.

ANNA

Thanks.

He heads for the door.

116 EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

116

Neville closes the door behind him. He takes a breath.

117 INT. NEVILLE'S LIBRARY - DAY

117

Neville faces his computer, camera active. He touches the growth on his face as he talks. He needs a shave.

NEVILLE

Computers are running a comparative analysis of both their blood samples now. Should be complete by the end of the day. I'm hoping I can isolate overlaps in our junk DNA. The immunity is hiding in there somewhere.

He clicks the file icon.

NEVILLE  
Linking back-ups and save-

ANNA (OVER)  
Hey? Can you hear me?

Neville is up, going to the open door.

NEVILLE  
I'm down here.

He looks up. He can see bare feet, dripping, bare calves.

ANNA (OVER)  
Can I borrow some clothes?

NEVILLE  
...Sure.

Those bare feet pad away. Neville shakes his head. Then he heads downstairs.

118 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

118

Ethan sits on the couch, fixed on the TV. Neville comes down the steps, stands staring at this child in his living room.

Neville has his map in hand. He looks at the open kitchen door. A beat. Instead he goes and sits on the couch

Ethan pays no mind, although the kid is clearly aware of him. Neville looks at the boy. Then he starts watching the movie.

DONKEY  
Can I say somethin' to you?  
Listen, you was really,  
really something back there!  
Incredible.

NEVILLE  
Can I say somethin' to you?  
Listen, you was really,  
really something back there!  
Incredible.

SHREK  
Are you talking to -- me?

NEVILLE  
Are you talking to -- me?

It's cute, sure, but this kid isn't so easily sold.

DONKEY

Yes, I was talkin' to you. Can I just tell you, you was really great back there, man those guards they thought they was all that! Then you showed up and ...BAM! They were tripping over themselves like babes in the woods. See that, that really made me feel good to see that.

NEVILLE

Yes, I was talkin' to you. Can I just tell you, you was really great back there, man those guards they thought they was all that! Then you showed up and ...BAM! They were tripping over themselves like babes in the woods. See that, that really made me feel good to see that.

But you've got to give Neville credit. This isn't some guy who knows the Its a bird, Its a plane speech.

SHREK

Oh, that's great. Really.

NEVILLE

Oh, that's great. Really.

DONKEY

Man, it's good to be free.

NEVILLE

Man, it's good to be free.

He's got Ethan's attention. And its clear that's not the only reason Neville is doing it. He's into it.

SHREK

Now why don't you go celebrate your freedom with your own friends...hm?

NEVILLE

Now why don't you go celebrate your freedom with your own friends...hm?

DONKEY

But uh...I don't have any friends. And I'm not going out there by myself. Hey, wait a minute I got a great idea, I'll stick with you. You're a mean, green, fighting machine. Together we'll scare the spit out of anybody that crosses us.

NEVILLE

But uh...I don't have any friends. And I'm not going out there by myself. Hey, wait a minute I got a great idea, I'll stick with you. You're a mean, green, fighting machine. Together we'll scare the spit out of anybody that crosses us.

Ethan can't figure out who's more fun to watch, the creatures on screen or this crazy adult on the couch.

SHREK

Rooooaarrrrr.

NEVILLE

Rooooaarrrrr.

Neville. Ethan can't take his eyes off him. He's not smiling, exactly, but some of that tension has left his face.

DONKEY

Oh wow, that was really scary. And, if you don't mind my saying, if that don't work your breath certainly will get the job done. 'Cuz you definitely need some tic tacs or something 'cuz your breath sinks! Man. You almost burned the hair off my nose.

NEVILLE

Oh wow, that was really scary. And, if you don't mind my saying, if that don't work your breath certainly will get the job done. 'Cuz you definitely need some tic tacs or something 'cuz your breath sinks! Man. You almost burned the hair off my nose...

Neville stops, trails off. He looks over his shoulder where Ethan now stares.

Anna, wearing one of his shirts and a pair of his shorts stands watching at him as well. No one seems to know quite what to say. But there is surprising lightness in the air.

ANNA

Come on, your turn.

Ethan's expression is impassive.

ANNA

Ethan.

But Ethan's not budging.

ANNA

I'm serious.

She crosses to him, crouching low, voice an intense WHISPER.

ANNA

I'll wait right outside the door.

Neville stares at the two a beat. Then he rises, heads into the kitchen, Anna's HUSHED cajoling INTENSE behind him.

119

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

119

Neville sits at his table, marking up his map for the day. Anna ENTERS holding a magazine in her hand.

NEVILLE

Did you win?

ANNA

(as usual)

No.

(off her outfit)

(MORE)

ANNA (cont'd)

There was women's stuff too.  
But....

NEVILLE

Thank you.

Two people familiar with tremendous loss. She looks at his map. Then sets the Newsweek down on the table.

ANNA

It was in the living room.

On the cover is a photo of Neville and one word. SAVIOR?  
Neville stares at his face. Confidant. A lifetime ago.

ANNA

You're still trying, right? That's  
what the blood's for.

NEVILLE

Yes.

ANNA

But everyone's either dead or  
changed.

NEVILLE

No everyone's either dead or sick.  
And they can get better.

ANNA

You really think so?

NEVILLE

Yes.

Too much to even hope for. She shakes it off. The smile she  
offers him is as warm as it is wary.

ANNA

I think maybe you're crazy.

He goes back to his map, the slightest light in his eyes.

NEVILLE

Most likely.

Anna crosses, begins to clear the breakfast dishes.

ANNA

You can hear you as far as Philly.

She moves to the sink, starts washing up.



ANNA

George Washington Bridge was the only way in.

NEVILLE

Military left it up. For when this was going to be over.

The two continue in silence. It might be any man and woman, any kitchen after breakfast.

NEVILLE

How long where you in Maryland?

ANNA

Do we have to tell each other our stories now? Can we not, maybe?

NEVILLE

Sure.

ANNA

Good.

Anna finishes drying the last dish.

ANNA

Thanks.

Turns to face Neville who is folding his map.

ANNA

So, what are you doing?

NEVILLE

Daily runs. Food. Gas. Supplies.

ANNA

Can we come?

The question seems to throw him.

ANNA

We're going to come, obviously.

Neville opens his mouth. Closes it. Nods.

120

INT. NEVILLE'S FOYER - MORNING

120

The three crowd the narrow space. Neville opens the armoire, takes out a fresh rifle and ammo for himself. Anna selects a Glock and two clips for herself. Tucks one in Ethan's belt.

ANNA

Aren't you a cute little ad for the  
NRA?

From the bowl beside the door, Neville reaches in and selects one of a half dozen sets of tagged keys. He opens the front door and they step out..

121 EXT. NEVILLE'S BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

121

The first hints of autumn in the air. Neville's SUV, or what's left of it, is parked in the middle of the street.

NEVILLE

Inconspicuous.

ANNA

You were bleeding to death.

Neville's nod says, fair point. He walks towards his wreck of the car.

ANNA

Really? Because I don't think  
that's going anywhere.

Neville opens his door, reaches in and ejects a CD. Then he crosses to another SUV parked across the street. New key BEEPS it open.

ANNA

I like me a man who's prepared.

But she catches herself. Shakes her head.

ANNA

Sorry.

She looks at him. Doesn't want to be provocative.

ANNA

We're not doing this whole last man  
and last woman thing right? I just,  
I don't know how to handle it.

NEVILLE

No. We're not.

ANNA

God, this is weird.

NEVILLE  
Get in the car, please.

ANNA  
Yes. Get in the car.

122 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

122

Ethan scrambles into the back. Anna climbs in next to Neville. (OVER) Stir It Up begins to PLAY as they pull out.

ANNA  
Who's this?

NEVILLE  
Bob Marley.

ANNA  
Damian?

NEVILLE  
His dad?

ANNA  
Nope.

Neville shakes his head.

NEVILLE  
Okay. Bob Marley had the idea you could cure racism and hate with love and music. Literally cure it.

Anna nods.

NEVILLE  
One day, he's scheduled to perform at a political rally. They shot him down at his doorstep. Three bullets in the chest. Three days later he shows up at the concert and plays. Someone asked him why, he said, the people trying to make the world worse. They're not taking the day off. How am I going to?  
(a quiet charge)  
Light up the darkness.

You can tell it's been a long time since he's told that story. And that it lives deep in his heart.

ANNA  
That you?

NEVILLE  
No.

A real sadness here.

NEVILLE  
Not me.

Anna stares out at the wounded, empty city.

ANNA  
You really think you can put  
everything back the way it was?

NEVILLE  
Yes. I do.

They drive in silence.

ANNA  
Where are we going?

NEVILLE  
Fishing.

He looks at Ethan in the mirror.

NEVILLE  
You like to fish?

The boy just stares at him.

123 EXT. TIME WARNER CENTER - DAY

123

The SUV is parked in Columbus Circle. The dormant fountain  
spews a sloppy mass of purple flowers.

Neville pulls open the front doors, carrying an ice chest in  
his hand. Smashed storefronts encircle the giant lobby.

The space is all glass, flooded with sunshine. Still  
Neville's got his rifle at the ready.

Anna's hand goes to her gun. She looks at Ethan. He nods.  
Anna's tension relaxes. Neville notices, says nothing.

They start walking up the still escalator. Step through a  
sunlit door set on the first landing into...

124

INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - POOL -- CONTINUOUS

124

Floor to ceiling windows. A luxury swimming pool encased in towering and paper-flat city views.

A small filtration pump HUMS, wired to a car battery. The shallow end is a rolling marsh, covered with algae.

Neville sets down the ice chest, finds a net leaning against a wall. Sunlight dances on water, tile ceiling and walls.

No, not sunlight. Those darting gems of light aren't coming from above, but from beneath the surface.

The pool is seeded with rainbow trout.

Neville crouches by the edge of the pool. Nets one. Too small. Throws it back.

Neville picks a good sized fish. Deposits it in the ice chest. Anna has gone to the windows, stares out at the city.

ANNA

Were there any others?

NEVILLE

What?

ANNA

You've obviously didn't just get here. You've got fish in a pool. So what about other survivors?

Neville takes a beat before answering.

NEVILLE

Just you two.

Anna lets that sink in. Something she doesn't want to process about this.

NEVILLE

The numbers are bad. 90 percent fatality takes the human population down to 600 million. Two percent are immune. So 12 million like you, me and Ethan spread across the entire planet. And 588 million walking infected who consider us simply a viable source of protein.

Anna is fixed out the window, dappled sun crossing her.

ANNA

Don't worry, Robert Neville. There are other survivors.

Not a question, a statement. She turns but her eyes widen.

ANNA

Ethan! Get back here. Now!

Neville follows her gaze. Ethan has walked out to the very end of the diving board.

Ethan looks at them. Then he bounces, once, twice, arcs high and tags a perfect three pointer into the water, vanishing beneath the surface, exploding upward amidst scattering fish.

Anna and Neville just stare in amazement.

ANNA

He wasn't talking when I met him.  
Could be all time midget swimming  
champion for all I know.

But she's not looking at Neville. She's staring at Ethan, playing amidst the fish like an actual kid.

Anna is beaming. For Neville, hard not to be moved by her joy. That's when she simply runs and cannonballs the boy.

NEVILLE

Hey.

Anna breaks the water, a nymph, fish everywhere.

ANNA

Come on.

Neville looks at her. Glances at the gun in his hand.

NEVILLE

I'm good.

She holds his eyes just a beat too long.

ANNA

Wussy.

Then she splashes Ethan, who splashes her back. Neville sits back, gun on his knees. Watching.

125 INT. TIME WARNER CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

125

GLIDE OVER the desolate maw of Whole Foods, past windows spilling glass in sun to the ruined front of Banana Republic.

The windows are broken, sure. But fashion drops on your priority list when you're crying blood so there's stuff left in the store.

Neville, a soaking Anna and Ethan, are just ENTERING, bathed in sunlight. TRACK with them...

126 INT. BANANA REPUBLIC - CONTINUOUS

126

Neville leads, gun out. The store is really very light. Still, he's cautious.

ANNA

How can you have never been in here? They have great stuff.

NEVILLE

...Hey!

Ethan has run forward. Neville starts after him.

ANNA

It's okay. He sort of...just knows where the Darkseekers are.

NEVILLE

Darkseekers.

ANNA

What do you call them?

NEVILLE

Infected.

ANNA

Creative.

He smiles.

ANNA

Anyway, I think some stuff's different now. Like how I never over-sleep. Or I feel when the weather's going to change. And what it's going to change to. Exactly.

He is staring at her.

ANNA

Do you know what I mean?

His answer is surprising.

NEVILLE

Yes.

ANNA

Maybe the noise a whole planet of people made wasn't just outside. Maybe we make inside noise too. And now our minds just hear better. Ethan's like that with the Darkseekers. He hears them.

Ethan reappears with red snow pants and a puffy blue parka.

ANNA

Oh sweetie, way too hot. And that's at least an extra large and garish-

She moves towards him but he darts across the room and grabs Neville's arm, which surprises Neville and Anna equally.

Anna's first reaction is odd, a sudden, cold anger. Then it passes like a cloud. And she smiles. Almost wry.

In her eyes, measurement of variables, safety, paternal potential, her own selflessness, her own girlishness.

ANNA

You're up.

And Anna is gone behind the racks. Neville looks down at Ethan who is still clutching his arm but looking away.

NEVILLE

So, can we do better?

No reaction at all from this odd little boy.

127

INT. BANANA REPUBLIC - MINUTES LATER

127

Ethan stands in black jeans. Thin white T-shirt. New black sneakers which Neville is now tying.

So long since he's dressed a child, knelt into their lower world. Neville tussles Ethan's hair, steps back for inspection.



NEVILLE

Uh-huh.

The kid looks good.

NEVILLE

And you know it too.

And though Ethan's staring at the floor, you'd swear Neville's right.

ANNA (OVER)

Ta-da.

They turn. Anna stands in a flowing, white winter gown. She twirls, fabric catching air. Breathtaking.

She beams at the boys' amazed expressions. But then her smile freezes, eyes going suddenly and deeply sad.

ANNA

Just give me a second.

She vanishes back behind the shelves.

NEVILLE

Are you-

Ethan can definitely sense Anna's discomfort. He shoots after her, gone behind the shelves.

128 EXT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - DAY

128

Neville loads the cooler into the back. Anna, in jeans and T-shirt, rings out the wet clothes. They too go into the truck.

ANNA

Nowhere to ever wear a dress out, that's all it was. No big deal.

He nods.

ANNA

I cry all the time anyway. You?

NEVILLE

I got tired of it.

She smiles back at him.

ANNA

How long does it take to get over  
having had a life?

NEVILLE

Ask the angels.

ANNA

That's pretty.

Around them, the buildings go light and dark in dappled sun.

ANNA

Can you believe I've never been to  
New York?

She smiles, aware of the irony of her words.

ANNA

It's nice.

NEVILLE

I'd offer you the tour but the top  
of the Empire State Building is a  
lot of steps away.

Something changes in her eyes.

ANNA

Wait. St. Patrick's Cathedral.

NEVILLE

Just down Fifth a few blocks.

Anna looks at him. That's what she thought.

ANNA

Okay.

And she's already walking, Ethan instantly following.

NEVILLE

Hey.

She turns.

ANNA

Come on.

He just looks at her.

ANNA

Come on.

He BEEPS the SUV locked, catching up to her with a limp.

ANNA

You know no one's going to steal  
it, right.

They have resumed walking, Neville's expression wry.

NEVILLE

Says you.

129 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - WALKING

129

Another of those curb to curb traffic jams that no one's  
going to clear.

ANNA

We heard about it on the boats.  
Everyone did. About St. Patrick's.

NEVILLE

What boats?

More than she wanted to say. Maybe remember. But, in for a  
penny, in for a pound.

ANNA

I was on a red cross evacuation  
ship. Out of London.

NEVILLE

Oh.

This means something to him. Nothing good.

NEVILLE

I'm sorry.

ANNA

People knew?

NEVILLE

We knew you were out there. Those  
boats weren't tricked out to be  
permanent.

ANNA

No.

NEVILLE

Did the infection jump the water?

ANNA

Not at first.

She looks away a moment, into memory.

ANNA

There were too many of us. We just  
didn't have enough food and water.  
No one would let us dock, you know,  
because of the quarantines.

The look in her eyes is awful not for its pain.

ANNA

Some people on board had guns.

But for the hardness that has replaced it.

NEVILLE

Darwin on speed.

She offers a small nod.

ANNA

Me. Ethan. A few others. At least  
they kept us alive.

Neville glances down at the silent boy. Neville figures he  
might not want to talk either.

NEVILLE

After the Navy fell apart, we  
started docking to take on stores.  
We'd go right back out again.  
Conscription not optional.

NEVILLE

Someone picked it up on shore.

ANNA

Five of us, we didn't catch it. We  
stole a raft. Made it to Maryland.

NEVILLE

Five.

ANNA

They died.

Anna's attention is drawn upward. Ahead the spires of the  
cathedral spike the sky. Hear breath in her VOICE.

ANNA

That's it, right?

She runs forward, away from him, towards the church.

NEVILLE

Anna, wait-

Ethan's right after her. Neville moves faster on that limp.

130

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL -DAY

130

Anna and Ethan stand in front of the church. Neville comes up behind them. His expression darkens.

ANNA

The stories went from boat to boat.  
How the people who hid here didn't  
get sick...

Anna isn't looking at him, just staring forward. The giant wooden doors are splintered, brown stains on the pavement.

ANNA

And when they left the church, the  
Darkseekers didn't hurt them. They  
walked out of the city untouched.

Anna is fixed forward, almost unblinking.

ANNA

Protected by God.

Neville apprises the signs of massacre still visible these years later. That stain suggests an awful amount of blood.

ANNA

They were blessed.

Neville appraises Anna. Something about her unyielding stare.

ANNA

I'm sure they survived, aren't you?

(OVER) Neville's watch BEEPS. He looks up at the high sun.

NEVILLE

Anna...

His VOICE trails off. She's not moving, not even hearing him. Her body is trembling. He gets it, now. This optimism of hers is threadbare, underneath is a tenuous hold on the world.

Even Ethan seems concerned. There's something shutting down, going almost catatonic.

NEVILLE

Hey...

But she's still riveted to the blood stains.

ANNA

Do you think God saved them?

Neville doesn't answer.

ANNA

Do you think God killed Man because we tried to transform His work.

She's drifting further and further away.

ANNA

But if He created Man, isn't He responsible for what Man creates?

NEVILLE

I don't think God had much to do with this at all.

He has to move her face with his hand so she is looking up at him. Compassion in his eyes reaches out to her.

NEVILLE

Anna. Hey. Come on, now.

He tries to gently tug her away.

NEVILLE

Come with me, okay?

She looks up at him, confused.

NEVILLE

Let me show you something.

She starts to move with him, Ethan's eyes still worried.

131 EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - DAY

131

They cross Fifth Avenue to the Plaza. Anna is silent. Neville positions her, moves behind her, and points.

NEVILLE

Mary Christmas.

Anna looks up. The mighty Christmas tree still stands, branches dark and moving with thick leaves, a rising wonder.

Neville has lifted a chunk of broken pavement. He hurls it down into the abandoned skating rink with a CLANG.

The leaves EXPLODE outward, not leaves at all but a massive flock of swallows that soar overhead in a banking cloud.

Neville sees Anna take Ethan's hand as this hurling storm of life arcs backward, overhead, then finds branches once more.

Something fragile is for the moment restored. And they both know it. She seems at once terribly young and far too old.

ANNA

(thanks)

I'd come here all the time.

Anna looks up at the sun. She's back, that broken part of her that kills hope hidden away again beneath the surface.

ANNA

I like to feed him between one and two.

Neville smiles, nods at the familiar reliance on routine.

NEVILLE

(off his watch)

One stop first.

132 EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

132

Three small figures. Neville stands on the end of the pier. Anna and Ethan play catch with a found tennis ball.

133 INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - DAY

133

Neville is unpacking the fish. Anna pauses between putting peanut butter on crackers to sample a spoon full. Heaven.

ANNA

Did you ever think, give an address?

Neville is getting the coffee out of the cabinet.

ANNA

(imitating)

Meet me when the sun is highest in  
the sky. At the South Street  
Seaport.

(eyes rolling)

Like everybody knows where that is.

Truly never occurred to Neville.

ANNA

What is it with people from New  
York, anyway?

He can't help but smile.

ANNA

What do you do in the afternoons?

NEVILLE

Work. Lunch. Recreation.

She LAUGHS.

ANNA

Who says it that way? Recreation.

NEVILLE

What? It is.

She glances at Ethan.

ANNA

Well, we nap. Generally.

He stares at her blankly.

ANNA

Think back. Start with blankets and  
fruit juice in pre-school.

NEVILLE

Ah.

ANNA

You don't nap?

Something Neville hasn't considered in a very long time.

ANNA

Tell you what. You work. I'll make  
fish for lunch. Then we'll nap and  
you can recreate your heart out.



He has to smile. Continues scooping out the grinds.

ANNA  
I can even make coffee.

NEVILLE  
I like it pretty-

ANNA  
Honest.

A beat. Then he shrugs.

NEVILLE  
Just call me when its ready, okay.  
And don't overcook the-

ANNA  
Leave, now.

She's already going to the fridge. He looks at her. Then, smart man, he does what he's told and goes.

134

INT. NEVILLE'S LAB - AFTERNOON

134

A hairless rat lays dead on the floor of the glass case. RACK FOCUS to see Neville's reflection staring down at it.

(OVER) A HISS of the air-lock door. Neville spins. Anna is crossing, mug in her hand. She's wearing plastic gloves.

ANNA  
Relax. I think everyone pretty much knows how to scrub up by now.

She looks around. Then hands him the mug.

ANNA  
Black.

NEVILLE  
African American.

She rolls her eyes but smiles.

ANNA  
Second pot. I called down twice.  
The fish is ready whenever.

She winces at the creature inside the glass case.

ANNA

God, I hate rats.

NEVILLE

Not him.

There's something different about Neville's expression. Is that a light in his eyes?

ANNA

Oh yes him. A lot.

NEVILLE

No. He was alive and virus free for twenty two minutes.

Neville shakes his head.

NEVILLE

Twenty two minutes.

ANNA

Okay...

NEVILLE

Until now the ceiling was 23 seconds. Do you know how many critical thresholds there are between 23 seconds and 22 minutes? It's the difference between a steam engine and a fusion drive.

ANNA

Great. Great. Breathe. What?

NEVILLE

Okay. Wait. I'm sorry.

He takes a swig.

NEVILLE

(surprised)

God, this is really good.

ANNA

(not surprised)

Thank you.

NEVILLE

Viruses are old. But they are not, in fact, terribly hard to kill. Cold. Heat.

(MORE)

NEVILLE (cont'd)

A whole range of readily available toxins will destroy them. The problem is they're symbiotic. They become part of us. So, kill them, kill us. Got it?

ANNA

Yes.

NEVILLE

We could never find a cure for KV. Krippin started his vaccine by re-engineering a common flu virus so when it mutated it was almost universally contagious. Almost. As with most viruses there was a percentage of the population that is immune. Somewhere in my junk DNA is the gene that keeps KV from binding to my cells. The only problem is I've got five million years worth of junk DNA. So I needed something to compare it to. Other survivors. If I could find similarities in your junk DNA and mine, maybe I could find the key to the cure.

ANNA

Are you saying you found the cure?

NEVILLE

No.

Shakes his head.

NEVILLE

No. But I'm a lot closer.

He crosses towards the back of the lab.

NEVILLE

I'm going to try and incubate the compound in a human subject.

Neville pulls the chains that raise the curtain and plexi.

NEVILLE

See if I can get it to mutate into something a little more stable.

Anna jumps back reflexively, even though the creature there is still strapped to a gurney and sedated.

ANNA

Jesus.

It sleeps peacefully. Anna can't come close. These things have always only meant death.

ANNA

I've never seen one still. They're always...biting.

NEVILLE

They require tremendous amounts of food when they're awake. You're basically their idea of a cheeseburger.

ANNA

Well isn't that the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

Neville smiles.

ANNA

How did they turn into monsters?

The word lands with him.

NEVILLE

Maybe a genetic anomaly. Maybe a glitch in the endocrine system. We never figured it out. All we know is that for an unlucky few...

ANNA

Few.

NEVILLE

Statistically few, yes. Instead of bleeding out, KV turned their bodies into mobile incubators. Viruses need to survive too.

Neville begins combining plasmas in a test-tube.

NEVILLE

What we see are the side effects. The adrenal gland becomes hyper-stimulated, enhancing reflexes. Musculature gains dexterity and strength. Allergic response to light. Constant hunger to sustain how hot their metabolisms run.

(MORE)

NEVILLE (cont'd)  
Perpetual fever that impairs higher  
brain functions.

ANNA  
Why do they sleep standing up?

NEVILLE  
I have no idea.

He is introducing the serum into the IV bag.

ANNA  
And you think that may cure her?

NEVILLE  
No. This will kill her. But I'm  
hoping it'll take a lot longer than  
it usually does. And after, I'm  
hoping that her blood will help me  
get closer to curing the next one.

ANNA  
She was pretty.

Neville looks up, startled. He hadn't notice.

NEVILLE  
Yes. I guess she was.

Anna looks at her a beat longer, heads back towards the door.

ANNA  
Come up when you're ready.

Neville watches her go. Then he resumes pushing serum into  
the IV bag.

135 INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

135

Neville sits cutting fish. Anna joins him, POPPING a  
Heineken, splitting it now between two glasses.

NEVILLE  
I have beer?

ANNA  
You have beer. It was in the  
pantry. I put it on ice when we got  
home.  
(catches herself)  
Here.

NEVILLE

I haven't....

(seasoned smile)

No one around to tell me when I'd  
had enough, I guess.

ANNA

I'll tell you.

He lifts the glass, looks at it, is about to take a swig.

ANNA

Cheers.

Neville stops at his lips, funny this time.

NEVILLE

(clinking)

Cheers.

Neville takes a sip.

NEVILLE

Oh.

Liquid gold. Anna tries hers.

ANNA

Yes. True.

Now he tries a fork-full of fish. He grins.

NEVILLE

It's great.

ANNA

It's cold.

NEVILLE

I like cold fish.

She frowns. Reaches across and takes a piece with her  
fingers. Eats it. Not bad.

NEVILLE

This is nice.

ANNA

Yes. It sure is.

She looks away. Then back at him, holding his eyes.

ANNA  
I'm not going to cry.

NEVILLE  
Okay.

They continue to eat and drink sit in silence.

136 INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON 136

Neville stands looking down at Ethan, dreaming peacefully on the couch. Anna lifts a throw in her hands.

NEVILLE  
We actually have beds.

Neville reaches down.

ANNA  
No. He doesn't like to be picked-

NEVILLE  
It's okay. I'm good at this.

Neville's arms go under the sleeping boy. Neville's right. Ethan tucks into his shoulder as Neville begins carrying him upstairs. His single WORD to Anna is barely audible.

NEVILLE  
Practice.

137 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 137

Neville is in front of a closed door, cradling the child. Anna stands right behind him.

NEVILLE  
Can you get that?

Anna reaches past him and pushes open the door.

138 INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 138

This was his daughter's room. Four poster bed. Stuffed animals. Untouched for years. A single light burns.

On one wall is a giant Crayon drawing. Stick figures of a family, each figure labeled, ME, MOMMY, DADDY, DOG.

DOG is crossed out, the word SAM is written over it.

On the night table is a photo of father and daughter, another of daughter and puppy. How was anyone ever that happy?

Neville gently lays Ethan down on the bed. Anna is looking at the photos. Then back up at Neville.

ANNA

She's beautiful. What's her name.

Neville pulls the spread up over the boy.

NEVILLE

Marley. Her name was Marley.

ANNA

Oh.

Neville reaches over and turns out the light, watching the boy sleep for a moment. Then they go and he shuts the door.

139

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

139

The two stand, very close. Neville's open bedroom door is visible behind them. The air is as thick as syrup.

NEVILLE

I'm just going to-

ANNA

Where-

NEVILLE

What?

ANNA

I'm sorry. Where are you-

NEVILLE

I'm going out-

The moment lasts endlessly. Then he goes. She stands on the stairway, watching him go.

140

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

140

Neville stands in the open door. He stares out at the day. Catching his breath.

ANNA (OVER)

Hey.



He turns. Anna has come downstairs, crossing the foyer.

NEVILLE

Listen.

She reaches past him, closing the door.

ANNA

I don't want to listen.

And she is touching his chest with her hand. And they are moving fast, her body against his crashing onto the couch, bodies touching bodies again. All is not lost. There is still human touch. Human love.

141 INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

141

Neville is closing the shutters, shirtless. He moves to the last set, stares out at the coming sunset.

ANNA

Out like a light.

Anna comes down the stairs to the rocking chair. She wears only one of Neville's T-shirts, pulled, now, over her knees.

ANNA

I've always wanted one of these.

NEVILLE

You can have that one.

She smiles.

ANNA

I've got something to tell you.

NEVILLE

Please don't have once been a man.

ANNA

I think you know better than that.

There is a sweet, thick pleasure to the air between them.

ANNA

It's a secret.

NEVILLE

I'll try not to tell a soul.

ANNA

I know where people are.

NEVILLE

What?

Neville turns to face her.

ANNA

There's a safe zone in Vermont. A town called Mount Palier. Hundreds, maybe thousands of people survived. It's virus free. KV doesn't transmit in the deep cold. My parents made it there, probably. We can go there. Tomorrow. I know where it is.

Neville is just staring at her.

ANNA

Look, don't be pissed off. I didn't tell you because, you know, what if you were crazy or something. I'm sure they'll be people there to help you with your work. Other scientists.

Something is changed in Neville's eyes.

NEVILLE

Anna.

ANNA

Won't it be wonderful?

NEVILLE

How do you know about the safe zone?

ANNA

One of the kids on the boat. He was ARMY. He knew the evacuation plans. He was going to come with us....

Her VOICE trails off. Nothing good in the memory it finds.

NEVILLE

Anna, there are no safe zones. They're were no final evacuations. Everything just fell apart.

ANNA

Do you even know where Mount Palier is?

NEVILLE

Yes.

ANNA

Have you been there?

NEVILLE

No. But-

ANNA

You've never left here since the quarantine have you?

His expression is all the answer it needs.

ANNA

You've never even crossed the George Washington Bridge. So you don't really know.

NEVILLE

Anna. Nothing worked. The virus isn't retarded by cold.

A beat.

NEVILLE

There were 12 million immune on this planet before the infected started getting hungry. There is no Shangri-la. Your parents are not there. They did not survive. No one you or I has ever known is alive. Do you understand me? You have to stay here. I will take care of you and Ethan. We are what's left now.

She stares at him, lips trembling, turns away, something beginning to crack. Terrible to watch.

NEVILLE

Anna... I'll make the monsters go away. We'll be all right.

He reaches out to her.

ANNA

Don't touch me.

NEVILLE

Anna.

ANNA

Why am I crazy?

She spins to look at him, eyes flaring.

ANNA

You think you're not? You think you lived through the end of the world and didn't go nuts. You're holed up in an empty city for three years with guns. You want to rebuild the world by hand. How is that less crazy than believing there are other people out there?

He has no answer.

ANNA

Make the monsters go away? Maybe this is their time. Their city. What if you've got it backwards and we're the monsters now?

NEVILLE

Anna, you're not making-

ANNA

And say you find your cure. What then? Go door to door? Hi. Bob Neville here with the cure. Or do you mow down fifty every time you want to capture one to cure him. Living here like this, shooting or injecting everything that moves, you won't even be human anymore. You need other people. One day, when there are enough of us, maybe we can come back. But not now. Now we have to find each other. We have to rebuild. Our future isn't here anymore, not-

Neville's expression changes.

NEVILLE

Quiet!

Something about his TONE startles her into silence. They still live in a war zone.

NEVILLE  
Do you...? Listen.

A small ROLLING, like the far off THUNDER of a coming storm.

NEVILLE  
What time was it? When we got home?  
Was it still dark? Was it?

ANNA  
You were going into shock. There  
was light on the horizon.

She looks at him, her face growing cold with fear.

ANNA  
There was light on the horizon.

Neville looks out the window. There, far in distance, motion.  
Like water. Tiny shapes, pouring down the center of the  
street, but also up and down the lower edges of the  
buildings, like a black tide rushing down a narrow passage.

NEVILLE  
They followed us home.

142 EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - HIGH WIDE - DUSK 142

Coming towards the park is a sea of maybe ten thousand  
infected. And they're coming fast.

143 INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK 143

Neville grabs a gun from the floor. Tosses it to Anna Then he  
grabs a few of those glow sticks, snaps one so it instantly  
begins to strobe.

NEVILLE  
Get Ethan. Basement's secure.

She's already up the stairs. Neville glances out the window  
one last time. He can make out distinct figures now, leaping,  
vaulting cars, springing off the buildings.

He SLAMS shutters closed to BLACK.

144 INT. HALLYWAY - CONTINUOUS 144

Anna throws open the door to Marley's room. The bed is empty. No Ethan. She moves around the bed to see him huddled in a corner, hugging his knees rocking. He knows.

145 EXT. WASHINGTON SQAURE PARK - DUSK 145

The creatures are pouring over the far side of the park. A scampering, running, humanoid thickness. From this height like nothing so much as a swarm.

146 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 146

The THUNDER has become ARTILLERY. The ground itself is starting to shake. Neville grabs that board of nails and wires. He throws the switch. Then a hanging nail across.

147 EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - SERIES OF SHOTS 147

The EXPLOSIONS are tremendous. Car bombs shoot spikes of flame high into the sky. Trash can charges detonate, one by one, in front of the house, at the edge of the park, in the ally behind, tremendous. Devastating. Darkseekers fly.

148 INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 148

Anna and Ethan are on the stairs. They go down hard in the CONCUSSIONS of the bombs, guns and strobe stick falling.

149 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 149

Neville is thrown onto the floor, hard, amidst the pile of guns and flashing strobe sticks.

150 EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 150

The brownstone is now protected on both sides by a raging moat of fire. The moment lasts. Then a form flies from the street, hurls over the fire to hit the roof. Then another. And several more. They are leaping the fire onto the house.

The creatures crawl over each other, more and more landing, swarming, beginning to cover the house in savage flesh.

151 INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

151

Anna pulls Ethan standing. The first creatures (OVER) HIT the bricks, throwing themselves at the building.

152 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

152

Neville manages to right himself, ears RINGING, as another SOUND breaks through. Tearing wood. He looks up. A beat.

NEVILLE

They're coming in the roof.

As Anna and Ethan race down the top flight, boards fly away over their heads. (OVER) Another, closer sound.

Creatures also go for the wood of the front door, night visible through fingers tearing solid wood. (OVER) GUNSHOTS.

153 INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

153

Anna is FIRING upward as she tows Ethan fast down the stairs, trying to find that strobing stick that's rolled lower.

Figures fill the growing portal of night above her. Some she SHOOTS as they come in, falling past. Others are too fast, leaping in behind her. It's all she can do to keep moving.

She keeps FIRING. Her bullets slow them, as does the light of the strobe, reflecting in their eyes, sends them twitching away. But more keep coming.

154 INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

154

The front door is being torn into splinters. Neville SPRAYS the growing gap with his bullets.

He rolls the glow sticks to the bottom of the door, spins to see Anna and Ethan right behind him. Creatures are dropping onto the steps behind them.

NEVILLE

Go!

He SHOOTS straight over their shoulders, catching creatures coming down the stairs as Anna does the same, SHOOTING the creatures behind Neville as they come through the door.

They race out into the hall, the room instantly filling with falling Darkseekers, like pale spiders massing, giving chase.

155 INT. BASEMENT ALCOVE - CONTINUOUS

155

Neville, Anna and Ethan hit the base of the stairs when the alcove wall EXPLODES, creatures scrambling through plaster board, spilling in from the house next door.

Pale hands grab the boy, the girl, Neville trying to SHOOT around them. The last thing he sees are their faces vanishing in the raging mass of monsters coming towards him.

Neville SLAMS his back into...

156 INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

156

Neville backs up as the creatures crowd in through the doorway. He's SHOOTING wildly.

Still some get in, scamper across the room towards him. Up walls. Over instrument tables.

BULLETS take out monsters, yes. But also computers. The serum refrigerator. Fluids fly as another goes down.

Another skid-smashes, dead, into the CPU, sending years of hard research into flames.

Still they keep coming. Neville keeps backing up. Keeps SHOOTING. The dead are piling up everywhere on the floor. Still they keep coming. He keeps SHOOTING.

Neville's back hits the wall.

Another SCREAM, from behind Neville, and a figure comes fast over his shoulder as he spins, a flash of hurling dark.

THUD.

The girl behind Neville has sat up on the gurney, still attached to her monitors and tubes, bloody mouth trying to gnaw at him through thick plastic.

(OVER) A terrible ROAR from outside. Neville keeps SHOOTING, takes a moment to realize everything has gone quiet.

He stops.

All is still. Can he have killed every one of them? He turns. The creature on the gurney simply sits looking at him.



A figure ENTERS from the hallway. She seems to be floating. Anna. The Alpha Male is holding her aloft by the neck.

NEVILLE  
Are you-  
They-  
ANNA

The creature SLAMS her hard and face first into the wall to silence her.

NEVILLE  
No!!

The creatures ROARS back.

He and Neville stare at each other.

Then the creature extends his other hand which is balled into a fist. He opens it and something small falls to the floor.

The creatures ROARS again. Then it backs away and out the door, still holding now limp Anna out before him.

Neville stands perfectly still. A long beat. The house is silent. Gun in front of him, he edges to the door.

He looks up. The hallway is empty. He slowly lowers himself, still focused on the doorway, gun and trigger still alert.

Finally Neville allows himself to glance down. He lifts what was left there. Looks into his palm.

## A CRUSHED BUTTERFLY.

HOLD on Neville a beat.

He rises. Walks to the case where the female creature sits, staring at him, working her mouth. He's trying to process.

He puts the butterfly on the edge of a shattered counter space. He triggers gas that makes the creature drop unconscious. Then Neville pulls the chain that raises plexi.

He looks at the now quiet form strapped to the gurney. There, above her right breast is that tattoo.

A butterfly.

Only now does he notice the changes in her. Can't quite believe his eyes. Slight hair growth. Pigmentation appears slightly more pink. Heart rate and respiration near normal.

Neville stares at this girl. Then out at his shattered lab. Nothing remains. All this, years of work, gone.

Neville takes a blood kit from the med tray, draws a tube of her blood. One more look at the ruin behind him.

Then he unhooks the IV tube. The effect is instantaneous. Her pulse bounces up. Her respiration increases. Even her skin grows pale, infection taking hold again.

He lifts her up in his arms.

157 INT. NEVILLE'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

157

Neville carries her as he navigates this awful ground of dead, inhuman mouths stilled in mid gape. Blood pooling from now sightless eyes.

He starts up the stairs, the flickering of exterior fires comes too soon. He reaches the top of the stairs but he's not in his kitchen anymore, he's already outside...

158 EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

158

At least where it stood. The house is gone. Neville emerges from a hole in this pile of rubble. Everything else has been torn to splinters, brick and mortar by inhuman hands.

The night is illuminated by fire, the flaming husks of cars, the still burning branches of trees lining the block.

In the street stands the Alpha. Behind him the other creatures hang back, a brooding, lethal swarm. A few hold Ethan and Anna to the ground.

NEVILLE

You don't have to be like this.  
You're sick.

He stands SHOUTING from the rubble.

NEVILLE

Can't you remember?

He is looking at that Alpha.

NEVILLE

You were something else once,  
remember? You were something  
better.

He scans faces in the flickering light.

NEVILLE

A school teacher? A mother? A fireman?

Neville steps forward.

NEVILLE

You were all something else once. You had lives here. You had friends. And homes. And families. We had a whole world. Don't you remember the sun?

He stares at all of them.

NEVILLE

Why do you keep attacking me? Why can't you just let me do my work? I just want to do my work.

His heart is breaking.

NEVILLE

I'm trying so hard to help you. I'm a doctor. Everything I'm doing is so you can get well. I just want you to get well.

He needs them so badly to understand.

NEVILLE

I'm trying to fix this. I'm just trying to put things back the way they were.

Maybe it's not the creatures he's talking about anymore.

NEVILLE

I've been trying to save you. Can't you understand? I was trying to save you.

The Alpha ROARS. He grabs Anna by the hair and throws her a few feet forward into the street.

A beat. Then Neville lays the infected girl on the pavement in front of him, takes a few steps backward.

Alpha comes forward, crouches. Touches the female's face. His mouth opens. The sound is a MOAN of JOY. Monsters love too.

The creature stares up at Neville a long beat. He opens his mouth to the sky, that TRILLING awful ROAR.

His message is clear. Trade complete.

Others move in and take the girl, while most are already disappearing into the darkness. Alpha starts away.

NEVILLE

I need the boy.

Alpha turns back and stares at him. The two face each other off in the firelight. Alpha turns away. Neville grabs his shoulder. Alpha spins, sending Neville to the ground.

The others move in. But Alpha SCREAMS, stilling them. He is walking towards Neville. In his eyes, rage.

Neville is up fast, a burning board in his hand. He swings at Alpha but the creature dodges easily. Once. Twice.

Alpha leaps on Neville, knocking him down. The thing starts gnawing, jaw going wide, Neville holding it off barely.

Neville reaches down, grabs a handful of embers and, his hands burning, he shoves them into the creature's mouth.

The creature SCREAMS, spewing glowing embers and burning flesh. Neville is on it, beating its face with his fists.

For Marley.

For Ginny.

For Sam.

For everything lost.

NEVILLE

You.

(punch)

Stupid.

(punch)

Shit.

(punch)

I'm a doctor.

(punch)

I'm trying to help you. I am trying to...

Neville stops, caught by his own words. Looks down at the creature, face swollen, ragged breath, near death.

Neville looks up.

Creatures watch from the darkness. The dead lay everywhere, still face after still face. Alpha's breath GURGLES, eyes wide, crying blood. Neville looks at his bloody hands.

Neville stands. He steps back from Alpha. Opens his hands.

Suddenly Ethan is racing away from them, across the street, going down hard on top of Anna, shaking her still form.

Neville steps back again, giving the others berth. They sweep in, grab Alpha. There is motion everywhere, all around him.

And then, like ghosts, they are gone.

Neville turns and walks over to the Anna. Hand going to Ethan's back, Neville kneels. Anna looks up at him.

He smiles. And bows his head.

CUT TO:

A DOOR-CLOSE. Swings open. Dark. Neville moves quietly. He SMASHES mottled windows, sunlight streaming in. PULL BACK...

159

INT. CENTRAL PARK - TOOL SHED - DAY

159

From the dark shadows (OVER) a GROWLING. This pale beast shrinks back into the corner, away from spilling light.

Neville closes and the creature leaps. He grabs it with gloved hands, shoves it down on its back, jaws SNAPPING.

Neville jams a hypo into its throat, injecting the blood. The ROAR quiets to a WHIMPER. He cradles the beast in his arms.

NEVILLE

Okay, girl. Hush, now. Hush.

He sits and rocks her in the columns of autumn sun.

160

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - THREE DAYS LATER

160

A figure crests the bridge, walking away from the city, gun in hand. Neville.

And padding up beside him, fur a little patchy, but those same bright, beautiful eyes, comes Sam.

Both are worse for wear, sure. Yet both seem....happy.

They walk in the sun together. Man and dog.

Neville goes down on his haunches, rubbing the dog's ears, scratching jowls, ducking a lapping tongue to his face.

(OVER) A low HUM that becomes an ENGINE. Neville stands as a bright red SUV slows to a stop comes up behind them.

ANNA  
How's the leg?

NEVILLE  
Better. You're late.

He's gone around to the passenger side door. Sam bounds into the back seat, begins slobbering over Ethan wildly.

ANNA  
I couldn't get my voice to sound right. That ever happen to you?

Neville shakes his head, offers a bemused smile.

ANNA  
Listen, I'll put it on.

And they are already driving away, over the bridge as we PULL BACK AND UP...

ANNA (OVER)  
My name is Anna Wilson. There are other survivors.

Their SUV is crossing the bridge, leaving the city.

ANNA (OVER)  
We are heading North towards Vermont. Keep your radio on this station. Listen for our broadcasts. We are out here. There are other survivors.

Until they are now too small to see.

ANNA (OVER)  
You are not alone.

FINAL FADE TO BLACK.